THE EXAMINER.

No. 713. SUNDAY, SEPT. 2, 1821.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. POPE.

No. 699.

THE GREEKS—RUSSIA, TURKEY, AND THE REST OF EUROPE.

The situation of Europe is a very singular and critical one in regard to the anticipated Turkish war. Russia has long had a hankering after the possession of the neighbouring provinces of Turkey, and more particularly of Constantinople and the Dardanelles. Her whole foreign commerce to and from the Black Sea is dependant on the power which holds that capital and the Straits. Imagine what prodigious advantages would accrue to Russia from the possession of that entrance into the Mediterranean, and the consequent inlet to the South of Europe,—commanding as she also does the navigation of the Baltic in the North. Then again the Russians profess a religion in common with the Greeks, and have a common fanatical hatred to the Mahometan oppressors of the latter. That single circumstance has given them so great a superiority over the Turks in all their wars, that the Ottoman Porte would never have held out as it has but for a natural jealousy of Russian aggrandizement on the part of the other European Powers, who have systematically interfered to check the progress of the Czars. Even with this constant obstacle, Turkey has regularly, though slowly, suffered in the frequent contests with its restless neighbour. The Crimea and some of Russia's finest provinces in the South have been successively detached from the dominions of the Grand Seignors.

Such being the superiority of Russia in ordinary times, it is perfectly obvious, that the inequality of strength is now enormously aggravated. Circumstances have combined in a remarkable manner to enhance the disproportion. The Greeks have broken out into a more extensive and formidable insurrection than has been known since their original subjection by the arms of MAHOMET the Second. ALI PACHA has long withstood in Albania the most powerful efforts of the Sultan. The other Pashas are more independent and hostile to their nominal sovereign than ever. The very enthusiasm of the Mussulmen, the parent of their early successes, has, we may reasonably suppose, been somewhat softened down by time and the long indolent possession of their conquests. So much for internal distraction and weakness. Externally, Europe was never in a state so favourable to Russia's designs as that in which a 25 years' war has left it. Austria, the most capable from contiguity of preserving the integrity of Turkey, is pretty well engaged in keeping Italy down by garrisons extending from the Alps to the Gulf of Tarento; and moreover even our *Courier* hints that some return for Russian acquiescence in that Neapolitan and Piedmontese business is expected to be made *in kind* to ALEXANDER! "Claw me, claw thee," is no true with Holy Alliances as with all other leagues against lives and property. To proceed;—Prussia has enough to do at home to keep down the demanders of promised Constitutions; Spain to watch the displaced vermin of Church and State. France perhaps feels the effects of the late contest least of all the belligerents, and a war against its late invaders the Russians would be rather popular; yet while the mortal quarrel remains between the people and the Family thrust upon them by foreign bayonets,—the French Nation is incapable of any great exertions abroad. With regard to England, the steady opponent of Russian encroachment under its true old policy, we need not dwell on the state of weakness to which debt and misgovernment have reduced her. ALEXANDER and the shrewd fellows about him know all this; they see their lucky opportunity; and they assemble a powerful army on the southern frontier. Can we doubt in regard to war?

The great question for Englishmen is, What is the true policy of this country at the crisis? To oppose the further advance of Russian conquest is the *general* and undisputed object; but then, what course affords the safest and most effectual means? The state of Turkish affairs has materially altered since our former interferences for it against Russia. The empire, never well consolidated, is now breaking up from the greater developement of the inherent causes of distraction. The insurrection and partial success of the Greeks have created a new interest, which totally changes our situation and duties. We were wont to aid the Ottoman Government, because that was the only way of checking the Russian. But now we cannot do so without contributing to bring back a people struggling for liberty under the barbarous and unjust yoke of usurping fanatics. And if we did, to what end? To produce a compulsory calm, which would *ensure* the success of Russia at the first favourable occasion;—thus conferring no real benefit on the Turks, and acting towards the unfortunate Greeks with a brutality and wickedness peculiarly odious in a nation owing its rank as a free state to a Revolution, not against a Christian-hating foreigner, but against its "legitimate" King.

The interest as well as moral duty of England we conceive then to consist in a prompt declaration in favour of Greek independence, and such aid as its own exhausted condition could reasonably afford. The declaration would be the grand thing. A strong Manifesto from Great Britain would of itself delay the march of ALEXANDER's armies; for it would carry with it the public opinion of the larger part of Europe; not to mention, that it would take some little time to break through the recently patched-up love and harmony of the Holy Alliance. It is to be borne in mind, in reference to the practicability of Greek independence, that France has at the least an equal interest with England in preserving Turkey in Europe and the command of the Black Sea from the grasp of Russia. Let France and Great Britain unite, declare with sincerity (if two Courts *could*) their principles, dispatch a combined fleet to the Dardanelles, and set loose the spirit of *private enterprise*, which did so much in Britain alone for the Insurgents of South America, and which is now exhibiting itself so actively in Prussia.* The Greeks form

* The *Courier*, in a recent semi-official article, talked of the great weight which the promulgation of the notions of our Go-

the large majority in the European provinces ruled by the Grand Seignor. We see what they have done by themselves by dint of the feelings which ages of adversity have worked up; and their success, should they procure foreign countenance and aid, could scarcely be doubted. Above all, in the case we are supposing, Russia would hardly interfere *against* the very people whose wrongs have made so prominent an article in her remonstrances with the Court of Constantinople; she would in all probability be compelled to content herself with a fresh slice of territory on the Walachian side, cut during the confusion. If France or England,—or either of them,—would play the part pointed out by honesty and prudence, justice would be done to a people trampled upon for centuries—the unnatural junction of two nations of hostile character dissolved—the Turks would be driven entirely out of Europe (the end so long desired)—and a most dangerous acquisition of territory withheld from Russia.—Utopian! cry the men of ledgers and counters. Alarming principles! shout the secret longers after simple despotism. It is indeed objected, that the new Greek state, in its infancy, would be inadequate to support itself against Russian encroachment. No easy task certainly; but surely infinitely more likely than that the incongruous parts of the Turkish Empire could be long held together by any means whatever. The *canting* objection is, that the long-oppressed people are not *fit* to govern themselves, Therefore the kind souls who make the objection would doom them to a new 100 years' lease of *protection!* But we say, Let them try: they must *gain* by change of any sort: it requires no great cleverness to govern decently, when the good of the many *must* be consulted; and six months' experience would correct all the mere errors of novelty.

ESPIONAGE.

Duplicate, No. 2.

To the Illustrious Lord Belial, one of his Infernal Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

My Lord,—When it was decided by our great Sovereign in Council, that the affairs of this interesting Country demanded a more refined and subtile superintendance, your Lordship, with that discrimination which is your distinguishing characteristic, insisted, with peculiar energy, upon the necessity of an industrious cultivation of infernal interests in the great department of Hypocrisy. "The grand distinction of Britain at the present moment," observed your Lordship, "is gross and fulsome affectation. It abounds with fear which is not felt, sentiment which is not entertained, verbal purity and deedy corruption. Lords in waiting are in an ecstasy of apprehension about religion; and a tender regard for the chastity of wives and daughters is predominant among persons who are as complaisant as the Courtiers of Caligula to reigning appetite, and as Caligula himself to their own. The most rascally calumniators cry shame upon scandal; and combinations to enforce law *partially*, are formed out of a pure love of justice. In short, a whining sort of moral and religious verbiage is the order of the day throughout *all* ranks; but the happiest feature of the whole is its prevalence among the Buckinghams and Rochesters of the Court, and a tribe of ribald and hireling scribblers, whose sole employment is to prostitute literature, and outrage the common decencies of life. This is something new, which deserves to be encouraged, as gradually tending to confound all just perception; and produce that separation between the tongue and the heart, which is so conducive to habitual insincerity, and the prosperity of the *broad way*. Even setting aside the obvious policy of closely attending to the general progress of iniquity in so influential a country as Great Britain, this new field of exertion alone would induce me to vote for the proposed employment of a Minister extraordinary. Such fine predispositions invite proportionate assiduity on our parts to extend infernal influence, by doing all in our power to give ardour to falsehood and confidence to vice."

It is unnecessary to add, that the usual effect of your Lordship's eloquence was produced, and that my appointment was the consequence; it is more incumbent upon me to shew, that I have imbibed the spirit of so much statesman-like profundity, by a description of my arrangements for the advancement of what has been so justly described as the principal object of my mission.

In the first place, I have directed the lively Asmodeus to personate a Page of the Back-stairs; I hesitated for some time between that and a Court Chaplain; but Asmodeus exceedingly disliked canonicals, and, to be sure, upon the prevailing *exterior* principle, they might occasionally preclude. I need not observe to your Lordship, that the gallant Demon is perfectly *au fait* to intrigue, whisper, and all the various little basenesses which flourish in Courts. At present, indeed, his more subtle endowments are scarcely called into action. In a certain quarter, aversion to one object engrosses every faculty; and nothing that indulges it can be *mal-a-propos*. Servility, therefore, has only to lick dust in a single direction; and to crawl, cram, and spit out accordingly. Asmodeus complains of this state of things, which he says affords no scope to his address. He amuses himself, however, by falsifying the looking-glasses, which invariably reflect a majestic rotund Gentleman, not much above thirty, who wins all hearts, delights all eyes, bows with inexpressible grace, and simply possesses the first taste for dress and decoration in the world. Asmodeus, as we all know, has a talent for the *imposing*, and comforts himself that a coronation is at hand.

Belphegor I have made private Secretary to Lord ——, and he is highly pleased with his situation. Extremes meet, he observes; and in the passionless coldness of this Statesman's nature, he descries more absolute injury to the hateful diffusion of political liberty, than in the most open and declared opposition. There is a scorn of mankind which admirably assists a genuine political career, and to which the common race of men will generally, sooner or later, quail. A great portion of mankind resemble whipped spaniels; they howl a little at first, and finally lick the hand that lashes them. It is asserted that this is peculiarly an Irish propensity—it may be so.

I have placed Ashtaroth in charge of *orthodoxy*, with a particular injunction to inflame the zeal and rancour of clerical justices of the peace. He asserts that his services in the latter respect are altogether needless, so I have directed him to fill up his time by promoting squabbles about the distribution of the Bible without the Prayer Book; and to cherish a dislike to the diffusion of education. All these things tell, and procrastinate if they do not ultimately prevent.

Dissent I have intrusted to Flagel; there is a languishment here for want of persecution. A vulgar error, that ancient one of ours, which cockered up Lauds and Bonners; things are much better as they are. In a few years, the three Denominations will be all Courtiers.

Over the Tories I have placed Leviathan, and he is operating most effectually. Your Lordship will laugh, but he has succeeded in suggesting a muster of all the old women among them, in person and in purse, to aid the Attorney-general. Like a kindred society, they intend, in the first instance, to attack poverty exclusively; but Leviathan is sanguine as to their gradual operation upon the

vernment on this subject would have with the northern cabinets. So he however from holding this opinion when Austria was about to lay her deadly claw on poor Italy.—The *Courier* used then to ask, what would be the effect of a mere declaration without actual hostilities, except to embroil us with our good friends the Cossacks!

press generally. I am not so confident; they are such poor—such very poor creatures, that aware, as your Lordship is, of my zeal for the dignity of vice, I am really ashamed of them. It is a great pity they are so incapable, for the gross hypocrisy and inconsistency of the scheme are admirable. I must see what I can do for them myself.

The Whigs are disbanded—ruined by ratting; a devil would be thrown away upon them.

There are many more dispositions which I will describe in my narrative of effects, but the communication of another is not to be postponed. I have planted the vulgar but plausible devil Griffael among the Methodists; where, owing to the peculiar rankness of the soil, he flourishes like a green bay-tree. His instructions are to cultivate with the most assiduous care the notion that the *conclave* ought to dictate politically as well as religiously; and, if possible, to bring about an agreement, that no books or newspapers should be read without spiritual permission. This suggestion, however, is to be managed with great tenderness and caution; the Manchester secession proving, that even a surrender of common sense in all other respects will not ensure it in this. I have therefore directed Griffael to proceed no further at present, than to insinuate a species of political quietism—"that a concern about modes of governing and statesmanship is not for the godly;" and so on. Coarse and palpable, certainly, but it may do for the mass of intellect to which it is addressed. A great man among them has set himself in battle array against Sunday Newspapers, actuated by a slight portion of vapour from your Lordship's humble servant. The poor gentleman imbibed it, with the greediness so admirably described in the treatise of the Irish Dean, in "The Mechanical Operation of the Spirit;" but I much fear that it will be thrown away. These people are of great use negatively; they paralyse a gross portion of understanding admirably, but they can effect nothing directly; their increase of numbers is the mere lengthening of a rope of sand; the world is too wary to be be-cardinal'd and be-capuchin'd a second time. All the will in the world on the one side; but alas—*tempora mutantur*—a sad decrease of cullibility in the other. *Mem.* I have directed Griffael to do what he can against their missions, as they probably *do* remotely injure us in that direction.

Your Lordship will attribute the length of this despatch to my great anxiety to be perspicuous, and to merit the high honour of his Majesty's approbation.—With the most profound, &c. &c.

Q. (Signed) MEPHISTOPHILES.

TIRADE OF MR. QUINCY ADAMS.

THE *Washington Gazette* of July 10th contains a speech of six columns in length, which was delivered by the Hon. John Quincy Adams, on the Anniversary of American Independence. This document is much talked of across the Atlantic. The subjoined extract is the peroration:—

"Stand forth, ye champions of Britannia, ruler of the waves! Stand forth, ye chivalrous knights of chartered liberties and the rotten borough! Enter the lists, ye boasters of inventive genius! Ye mighty masters of the palette and the brush! Ye improvers upon the sculpture of the Elgin marbles! Ye spawners of fustian romance and lascivious lyrics! Come and inquire what has America done for the benefit of mankind! In the half century which has elapsed since the declaration of American Independence, what have you done for the benefit of mankind?—When Themistocles was sarcastically asked by some great musical genius of his age, whether he knew how to play upon the lute? he answered, no, but he knew how to make a great city of a small one. We shall not contend with you for the prize of music, painting, or sculpture. We shall not disturb the ecstatic trances of your chemists, nor call from the Heavens the ardent gaze of your astronomers. We will not ask you who was the last President of your Royal Academy. We will not inquire by whose mechanical combinations it was that your steam boats stem the currents of your rivers, and vanquish the opposition of the winds themselves upon your seas. We will not name the inventor of the cotton gin, for we fear that you would ask us the meaning of the word, and pronounce it a provincial barbarism. We will not name to you him whose graver defies the imitation of forgery, and saves the labour of your executioner, by taking from your greatest geniuses of robbery the power of committing the crime. He is now among yourselves, and since your philosophers have permitted him to prove to them the compressibility of water, you may, perhaps, claim him for your own. Would you soar to fame upon a rocket, or burst into glory from a shell? We shall leave you to inquire of your naval heroes their opinion of the steam battery and the torpedo. It is not by the contrivance of agents of destruction that America wishes to commend her inventive genius to the admiration or the gratitude of after times; nor is it even in the detection of the secrets, or the composition of new modifications of physical nature:—

"*Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra;*"

"Nor even is her purpose the glory of Roman ambition; nor '*Tu regere imperio populos*' her memento to her sons. Her glory is not dominion, but liberty. Her march is the march of mind. She has a spear and a shield; but the motto upon her shield is, Freedom, Independence, Peace. This has been her declaration; this has been, as far as her necessary intercourse with the rest of mankind would permit, her practice."

It cannot but be allowed by the truest well-wishers to America, that this speech of the Hon. John Quincy Adams is in bad taste. There are no greater admirers of American revolutions than ourselves. We have even an hereditary affection for the United States and their founders; and we believe that the striking example afforded by the *first Englishmen*, as it were, who had an opportunity of setting up for themselves, will have the greatest possible effect in the course of years, all over the world. But why do the Anglo-Americans think it worth their while to talk in this manner? Why cannnot they be content with doing and having done things unequivocally great, without shewing this petulant jealousy (for it is nothing else after all) of things which they evidently wish they had been able to do also? It is not honourable in John Quincy; and we trust there are great numbers of Americans who think so, besides the British party. The Americans, who are only an off-set from the English, and have been chiefly engaged in setting up their new establishment, are not bound to be as literary as the mother country; and why should they exhibit a soreness at not being so? The true state of the case is this. The Americans are not as literary as the English, but they have undoubtedly, as they say they have, done a great deal for liberty, and in the love of it. The English, on the other hand, are more literary, but they have not done so much for liberty; or if it shall ultimately turn out that they have, they did not intend it. A flourishing republic set up, and stupid doctrines of legitimacy brought back, are very different things. But the Americans seem to forget, not only that they are not bound to be as literary as the whole English people, with all its old facilities of education, intercourse, and inspiring haunts,—but that Americans and English have both a common ancestry to be proud of, with all its Shakspeares, Miltons, and Bacons. The Americans may even, if they please, for an obvious reason, call themselves the descendants, *par excellence*, of the Miltons, Marvells, and our other great republicans. Why then do they disgrace their own glory, by behaving as if they were not sensible of what they boast of? And why does Mr. Quincy Adams pretend to undervalue what he would give even his ears to possess? He talks of Themistocles. It was more fit in Bonaparte to talk of Themistocles, than republics professing a consistent love of freedom. Epaminondas would have been more to the purpose, though not for Mr. Adams's sophistry; for Epaminondas besides being the deliverer of his country, was a musician and a dancer.

THE LATE QUEEN.

The squadron conveying the Queen's remains reached Cuxhaven on Sunday se'nnight. As soon as the Glasgow anchored in the harbour, preparations were made for transferring the royal remains from that frigate, which could not navigate the Elbe, to the Gamier sloop of war. On the 20th in the afternoon, they were landed at Stadt, under a discharge of cannon. The body was deposited in the church. The authorities, both civil, military, and ecclesiastic, paid the last mournful honours with the

greatest zeal and respect. The inhabitants at large were greatly affected. "The Germans," says one account, "are a benevolent race of people: they recollected that an illustrious female, a native of their own county, had a few years before passed through their town, on her way to bridal felicity and royal splendour; they now beheld her sad remains carried up the very steps which she had once descended in the glow of health, of youth, and beauty. These recollections caused tears to trickle down their cheeks."

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral procession left Stade early on the morning of Tuesday the 21st August, and on Friday night the 24th, it arrived at the outer barrier of Brunswick about ten o'clock. In the various towns on the route, the greatest and deepest sorrow were manifested. The Magistrates and citizens walked bareheaded before the cavalcade, and a number of young girls, dressed in white, strewed flowers before the hearse. Each night, the coffin was placed in a church. A military escort was in constant attendance. Before the arrival at Brunswick, the Count Aldenslaben, Grand Chamberlain of the Court, joined; and he stated, that it was the invariable custom of the Dukes of Brunswick to bury at night; and that his orders were, that the interment should take place immediately. Lord Hood and Dr. Lushington protested, but the Count said his instructions were peremptory; and indeed *he* seemed disposed to pay every respect.

Between the outer and inner barriers of Brunswick, the scene was very magnificent. The whole population (40,000) were on the alert: the sides of the road were lined with a dense mass of people, the front lines of which carried torches; and from the double rows of willows on each side of the road were suspended lamps of various colours, green, red, and yellow. While the procession halted a little, it was intimated, that the inhabitants urgently requested, that a deputation of respectable persons might be permitted to draw the body. After some murmuring from Sir George Nayler, it was acceded to; the coffin was placed in a magnificent funeral car, to which about a hundred Brunswickers yoked themselves. The military escort now consisted of 200 of the Black regiment of Brunswickers, who had fought at Waterloo under the late Queen's brother. The procession reached the inner barrier as the clock struck twelve, and here all the attendants, except Sir G. Nayler, left the carriages. The houses of Brunswick were completely illuminated; the windows were crowded with women, *none* of whom mixed in the crowd in the streets. A thousand torches were borne by the people, who preserved the most solemn and affecting silence. The women sobbed audibly. At the porch of the church, the Minister and the Municipality stood ready to receive the body: the coffin was lifted from the car, and carried by 16 serjeants of the Brunswick cavalry, while 10 majors bore the pall. The lofty columns and long aisles hung with black had an appearance of melancholy grandeur. Owing to positive orders from the mysterious quarter, no service, not even a funeral chant was performed; on the pretence that, as the Queen had died abroad, the ceremony at Brunswick was merely depositing the body in the vault. As the corpse passed along the aisle, a hundred young ladies of the first families in Brunswick, dressed in white, stood on each side and scattered flowers before it. In a few seconds the coffin and the mourners had all arrived in the family vault of the illustrious house of Brunswick. A space about seven yards square was separated from the rest by hangings of black cloth, and illuminated with wax lights. In the middle of this section stood a platform, raised about two feet from the ground: on one side stood the coffin of the gallant father of the Queen, at the foot was the coffin of her gallant brothers; and here was placed her Majesty's coffin.

The Minister, Mr. Wolff, pronounced a solemn prayer, in which he alluded to the persecutions and sufferings of the deceased. When the prayer was finished, and before the mourners left the tomb, the hundred young ladies were admitted, and formed a large circle round the platform: they strewed flowers on the floor; and then, having prepared some wreaths, arranged them in different forms on the coffin; they then knelt down, uttered a short prayer, and retired amidst the tears and sobs of the company. Even Sir G. Nayler was visibly affected by this beautiful and pathetic incident. The funeral was over about two, and in less than half an hour the streets were deserted and silent. Among the English present, were Lord and Lady Hood, Lady Ann Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Lushington, Mr. and Mrs. Wilde, Alderman Wood, and his son, the Rev. T. Wood, Mr. Herman, and Mr. Wilson (son of Sir Robert); among the Foreigners, Count Vassali and Capt. Hesse: Mr. Austin and the household were all there also.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PRUSSIA.

Professor Krug published an energetic proclamation, with a view to rouse his countrymen to aid the Greeks in their struggle for freedom and religion. It produced a great effect on the ardent minds of the German youth. An article from Frankfort says,—In the first few days after its publication 100 young men of good families applied to Captain Dalberg in Aschaffenburg. It is said that a Prince of one of the most distinguished sovereign houses in Germany has contributed 50,000 florins towards the equipment of the young volunteers. Large purchases of cloth for uniforms have already been made. The uniform is blue, with a red cross on the breast.

TURKEY.

Intelligence from Constantinople of the 31st has been received; which states that the Divan had agreed to the *ultimatum* of Russia, which demanded,—1. That all the destroyed Christian churches should be rebuilt.—2. That pardon should be given to all Greeks who had not revolted, and those already in arms, who should return to submission in a given time.—3. That Russia should be enabled to *assist* in the *pacification* of Walachia and Moldavia, and place order there on a *permanent footing*.—Baron Strogonoff has left Constantinople on the 27th without receiving this answer, though it was tendered to him: he quitted under pretence of anger at its delay, but in reality to conceal his recal.

Intelligence has arrived from Vienna, that Baron Strogonoff had actually reached Odessa in obedience to orders from his Court, which had recalled him.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

J. Want, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square, surgeon.

BANKRUPTS.

R. Marsman, Love-lane, city, cloth-factor. Attornies, Messrs. Smith, Gell, and Roberts, New Basinghall-street.

J. Ashton, Knutsford, Cheshire, veterinary surgeon. Attornies, Messrs. Blackstock and Bunce, King's Bench-walk, Temple.

W. Greenhouse, Ludlow, tanner. Attornies, Messrs. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.

A. W. Jones, New Brentford, corn-merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Toone, Monkhouse, and Churton, Craven-street, Strand.

T. Bedford, Bristol, stationer. Attornies, Messrs. Bridges and Quilter, Red Lion-square.

R. Seaton, Wentbridge, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner. Attorney, Mr. Blakelock, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street.

J. P. Hillary, Mark-lane, wine-merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Reardon and Davis, Corbett-court, Gracechurch-street.

J. Bell, Downshire-hill, Hampstead, victualler. Attorney, Mr. Jones, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

G. Warren, Bath, cheese and bacon-factor.

T. B. Harris, Hinckley, Leicestershire, hosier.

J. Spence, Yarm, Yorkshire, grocer.

N. Driver, Stain-bridge, Gloucestershire, clothier.

BANKRUPTS.

C. Wright, Ludgate-hill, wine-merchant.

J. Hartland, Gloucestershire, mercer and draper.

R. Bowman, Manchester, grocer.

W. V. Bethell, Liverpool, merchant.

R. Thomas, Rochdale, Lancaster, hat-manufacturer.

R. Marshman, Love-lane, cloth-factor.

S. Davis, Butts, Stafford, maltster.

R. Cassels, Martin's-lane, Canon-street, wine-merchant.

T. Bird, Solihul-Lodge, Warwickshire, coal-dealer.

D. Brammall, Whitehouse, Yorkshire, file-manufacturer.

Johnstone took his final leave of the stage on Friday week at Liverpool; and, after playing *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* and *Paddy O'Rafferty*, spoke an Address, written for the occasion by George Colman, Esq.

ERRATA.—In the Notice of *Don Juan* last week, for "Cantos 2, 3, and 4," read "Cantos 3, 4, and 5." Also in the last line of the first paragraph, for "the *third* Canto closes," read "the *fifth* Canto closes."

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

3 per Cent. Reds ..... 76½ | 3 per Cent. Cons..... 75¾

Next week, a NOTICE of an extraordinary and very able Work of Art by Mr. HERVEY,—a large Historical Engraving on Wood, representing the *Assassination of Dentatus*.

We have reason to believe that certain Newsvenders have of late palmed other papers upon our country Subscribers instead of the *Examiner*;—a practice quite inexcusable. We request all Subscribers who may be so treated again, to withdraw their orders from their present Newsvenders, and send them direct to the Publisher at the Examiner-Office, who will give them to trustworthy Agents.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 2.

THE Turkish Divan has, rather unexpectedly we believe, acceded to the Russian demands unconditionally; but we do not at all join in the inference, that the continuance of peace is therefore certain. Indeed we do not see that the real grounds of warlike anticipation (which we have stated at the head of to-day's paper) are at all changed by this news. Does any simple soul suppose, that the Russian Autocrat meant nothing by his demands but what he asked for—the rebuilding of the Christian churches, and the *pardon* of the Greeks? Holy Alliances would not long exist, if they were to set down what they actually think or desire. We have no doubt in this case, that ALEXANDER demanded just enough, as he reckoned, to provoke the Turks to hostility (for of all people, *they* can least brook dictation from old enemies and heretics); but not too much to give him the benefit of *moderate* appearances with the rest of Europe. He will be disappointed, as his Ambassador, STROGONOFF, apparently was; but he had taken excellent care, we see, to secure plenty of future bones of contention. Nothing can be more futile and absurd, in *any other view*, than the articles of the Russian *ultimatum*. The Christian churches are to be rebuilt;—but how soon and in what manner? The Greeks are to be pardoned on submission;—but what if they won't submit, or submitting, are in some instances savagely treated by the Mahomedan populace, and again appeal to Russian protection? ALEXANDER is also to "assist in the pacification of Walachia and Moldavia;"—of course with his armies, and by occupying the country after the Austrian fashion in Naples, so that Gen. WITTGENSTEIN will be some marches nearer to Constantinople! Well, the Greeks need not be discouraged by *these* articles of peace, at all events. For our parts, we repeat, that since Turkey is peculiarly weak and distracted, Russia peculiarly strong, united in object, and ready in arms, and all other circumstances peculiarly favourable, we feel firmly persuaded that nothing which has yet appeared can avert an aggression of the one power upon the other. Submission to the first demands of the aggressor—was it ever known to lessen the appetite for aggression? The *ultimatum* of a despot of ambition, cant, and hypocrisy, like ALEXANDER, means any thing but his *last* demands. What national spoiler ever halted for want of a pretence? And here our despot has fifty, including some just, humane, and *popular* reasons for war.

Some of the Dublin papers have taken in great dudgeon the sneers of the English independent journals at the worse than Oriental grovelling before sacred Majesty. They launch into a wide sea of declamation about loyalty, national warmth, &c. (too true, but certainly not *new*), and grow quite pathetic in their appeals to our "kind consideration." They talk like a whining child who has been reproved for some *excess*:—"The poor Irish are always in fault—at one time abused as rebels—at another reproached with too much loyalty." Poor people, how unlucky! But are their present and former assaulters the same? Not exactly. The tools of the very Ministry now in so much favour in the Green Isle, were used no doubt to deal out their abuse of the wretched population, driven to revolt in various districts by shocking misgovernment. We do not remember, however, that the English opponents of the dreadful system ever joined in that corrupt and heartless exasperation. No:—the Reformers of England were happy to make common cause with their still worse treated fellow-subjects against the common oppressor—the Boroughmongering System. The Reformers of England *did* then deeply sympathise with Irish suffering—so deeply, that they constantly put forward the wrongs of Ireland among the foremost of their grievances. Is it not then a little remarkable, that they should now be asked with a querulous air, why they do not still sympathise with the Irish, when the latter are making an idol of a very common-place Monarch, and playing the fool with it after the Persian or Chinese fashion? This consistency in sympathy so strangely demanded by our ecstatic Hibernians, is a little too much like the consistency in politics required by Doctor SOUTHEY, who, after going right round from a Jacobin and a Leveller to a high Tory and a hired adulator of courts, wondered that all his old friends did not instantly see the propriety of turning their coats. The British Reformers are not forward to take exception at a reasonable interchange of kindness and sociality between the people of Ireland and the KING. His MAJESTY, thanks to the spoiled habits of Royalty, is not usually *too happy*, we dare say; and it would be low-minded enough to carp at any addition to his social enjoyments. If too, as they say, his equal treatment of Catholics and Protestants tends to help liberality of sentiment, a real ground of satisfaction is afforded, though after all, as the *Traveller* judiciously observes, "we are not quite certain of the terms upon which conciliation is to be rendered permanent—whether they imply the yielding of the supplicant, or the condescension of the supplicated."

The Reformers, in brief, seeing no one sign of any change in the *system* under which Ireland has so long groaned, do not see why the wrongs and sufferings of ages should be forgotten because a little of the bitterness between certain party leaders may possibly be abated by a temporary contact for an harmonious purpose. They cannot feel, why the rights, the liberties, the injuries and miseries of millions, should be put out of sight by the mere courtesies of a levee or a civic dinner, any more than they can understand how the deepest feelings of human nature can be of less account than the transient, unmeaning gentilities of a Court.

But allowing a great deal for novelty and sanguine anticipation in regard to the Monarch himself, there is another person whose reception baffles the most willing palliation. "Dropping,"—says the *Traveller*, in the same spirit,—"dropping the point of moderation in regard to loyal devotion, and admitting, according to precedent, that reigning merit is perfection, why are Irishmen 'to turn their backs upon themselves,' and 'stand prostrate' before the Marquis of LONDONDERRY! Are they con-

vinced of their mistake in regard to the merits of that Nobleman? If so, they fall short of justice; for they ought explicitly to say so. If not, what are we to think of the pranks they are now playing—with their healths and their eulogies?—That it exhibits a pitiable want of the temperate consideration and principled consistency which can alone supply weight to national sentiment. The *ci-devant* Lord CASTLEREAGH, Lord SIDMOUTH, Sir WILLIAM CURTIS, the idols of Irishmen! This is a wandering after strange gods with a witness—Baal, Somonocodom, and the Golden Calf!"

THE funerals of HONEY and FRANCIS took place on Sunday last, as announced; and we are glad they did; for a due sense of others' injustice is hardly compatible with a tame acquiescence in a dread of further lawless violence on the part of the unjust. That violence however was committed. When the procession went to Hammersmith, the barrack-gates were closed, and the hisses of a few of the people were speedily silenced by the call of the majority for order. A brick-bat was nevertheless thrown from the barrack, which struck a child; yet we do not hear that any search was made for the offender, or any punishment inflicted on him. Here then was a wanton act of provocation to begin the day with. The people returned in the afternoon, their feelings naturally very much excited by the burial of two innocent persons, who owed their deaths to the wanton malice of the employers of the military. And how did the soldiers conduct themselves on this second passage of the people? Precisely as if mortified at the avoidance of riot and bloodshed in the morning. At first they stood about in front of the gates, putting themselves ostentatiously in the way of provocation; and it was not till Mr. WAITHMAN, exerting his authority as High Sheriff, commanded them to retire, that they retreated within the walls. Still they must display their *temper*, their eagerness for more bloodshed; and as a *dernier ressort*, they go up to their quarters, and exhibit themselves to the people, grinning and clenching their fists. What were the designs of the commanding officers, in allowing this provocation at such a critical moment, will be easily imagined from their whole conduct lately, and the bullying message of one of them to the Sheriff. Stones were thrown on both sides,—by which party first it is difficult to pronounce, and of little consequence to inquire. A scene ensued, the details of which we need not repeat, ending in an attempt to murder Mr. Sheriff WAITHMAN, which, if it passes without redress, will amount to a tacit confession of that determination to a final reliance on the Sword, which Ministers have hitherto been at so much pains to palter with. Mr. WAITHMAN has since demanded inquiry and redress at the hands of Lord BATHURST; and his Lordship's answer exhibits rather a choice specimen of the meanness and imbecility which characterize the present Ministry.

A great deal of warm disputation has taken place between the liberal papers and the Treasury journals, concerning this affray and its origin. The latter of course maintain, that the "bad passions" of the multitude were the sole cause, and that the "brave fellows" (Life Guards) only acted in self-defence. The whole question appears to us to lie, as the phrase goes, in a nut-shell; and there is one single circumstance that is decisive against the military officer. In the morning, the soldiers were kept close within the barracks during the passing of the procession; and quiet was the consequence. The propriety of this was fully *felt* at that time; and *why was not the same conduct observed in the afternoon*? No caution so obvious, so simple, so rational;—and successfully practised too immediately before! The Guards no doubt had "a right" to stand before their barrack, and to grin and clench their fists at their windows—in the same sense that the *Capulets* in *Romeo and Juliet* had a right to "bite their thumbs" at the *Montagues*. The *Courier*, we believe, has lately quoted the passage with his usual unlucky reference to SHAKESPEARE:—

Montague. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?
Capulet. I do bite my thumb, Sir.
Mont. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?
Cap. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb, Sir.

It was quite clear, that the people and the Life Guards could not meet at that particular time without mutual excitement. Who then were bound to give way—the fifty or sixty thousand citizens who were returning from the performance of an amiable act of feeling,—or the 200 men under military discipline, who are paid out of the public purse to prevent, we are told, and certainly not to provoke breaches of the peace, who might have been kept back without any hardship, and who had so recently shed the blood of two innocent persons under circumstances which had caused a Coroner's verdict of "*Wilful Murder*" against one of their own body? The case, we think, cannot be more fairly stated.

The evidence taken on the remaining Inquest during the week, has been entirely corroborative of our last Sunday's outline of the case against the military. There is one fresh witness in particular, whose testimony will hardly be carped at even by the Court papers: we mean the corporal, HAYWOOD, one of Lieut. GORE's party at Cumberland-gate, who avows, that the soldiers struck the people with their swords, in endeavouring to open the gates, BEFORE the latter assailed them with stones. And what makes the military aggression the more glaring and unpardonable is, that this attempt to open the gates was made without civil authority;—that the troop of Lieut. GORE had not been called out in aid of the civil power, but sent direct (see the evidence of Col. CAVENDISH) from the barracks; and that there was no magistrate or even constable present, to do that which only the last necessity can justify soldiers in doing, *after* the peace-officers have vainly done their utmost.

On Friday, it will be seen, Lieut. GORE was examined, and totally denied any knowledge of the death of HONEY, or indeed having had pistols at any part of the affray. Yet three witnesses, who saw him at the Inquest, swore very positively to his identity with the officer who shot HONEY. Further enquiry can alone explain this contradiction.

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The following is from the *Dublin Evening Post* of August 28:—A considerable sensation has been excited in this City by the sudden departure of the Marquis of Londonderry for London. It was, we believe, his Lordship's intention to have accompanied his Majesty to the Curragh, and afterwards to have proceeded to the North of Ireland; but an Austrian Messenger having arrived, on Saturday, in Dublin, to Prince Paul Esterhazy, with despatches, it is said, of a very urgent nature, an Express was sent to Slane Castle on Sunday. On Monday the Noble Marquis, who was to dine with the University, set off for London.

Two Irish Mails arrived yesterday morning. The papers are filled with details of the Installation of the Knights of St. Patrick, which took place on Wednesday, and with the University Dinner, at which his Majesty attended on Monday. The latter is described in very *sparkling* terms; but the other, and very different information of this day, precludes an account of it until next week. The King was to have departed for the Curragh of Kildare on Wednesday, but on account of the weather, deferred his visit to Friday.

The French Papers received yesterday bring accounts from Constantinople of the same date as those alluded to in our paper of to-day under the head of London; but though they confirm the departure of Strogonoff, they do not say a word about the acceptance of the Russian *ultimatum*. There is room therefore to doubt the authenticity of the former accounts.

A good deal of discussion has taken place in the journals respecting the right and propriety of allowing advocates to attend Coroner's Inquests. The law appears, like all English common law, to be very doubtful; the *reason* of the matter however is, we think, quite settled in the following paragraph:—"Does any one suppose that Mr. Adolphus went to the Inquest to promote the due administration of justice, or that any Counsel goes to that or any other place for any such purpose? Mr. Adolphus went there, *like a true advocate*, to promote the due administration of justice so far as it coincided with the interests of his client, and no further; and for the rest, to mistate law, to pervert facts, to embarrass witnesses, and, by the whole weight of his logic and his reputation, to oppress or confound the Coroner and the Jurymen. His object—his only direct object, *is to get off his clients*; so he can succeed in this, Mr. Adolphus would naturally wish rather that they should be *guilty* than innocent. In proportion to the enormity of the guilt which a Counsel succeeds in screening from punishment by his skill, in the same proportion is his reputation increased, and he is the more eagerly resorted to in other cases by the innocent as well as the guilty. There is nothing in Mr. Adolphus, we presume, to make the world judge more favourably of him than of other Counsel."—*Traveller*.

Mr. Parkins has sent us an account of a very flagrant piece of insolent violence committed by some of the understrappers of the Mock-Constitutional Association. Just before the Coronation, a bookseller near Lincoln's-inn had stuck up inside his shop-window the following verses:—

The Coronation to be postponed
Until King and Queen can both be crowned;
When that will be, we cannot say,
It may *Be*, or it never may:
But without excuse, and without pretext,
If not in this world—it may be in the next!
Should they both meet in Heaven's high Story,
Both may be crowned with immortal Glory.
Tickets to see this Coronation,
Are free—at the Door of Salvation.

One of the Society's Jackalls called at the shop, and asked if he could have any printed copies of the verses, to which the bookseller replied in the negative. The owner of the shop having occasion to go out soon after, locked the door; but in his absence, the aforesaid Jackall, accompanied by two others, having watched his opportunity, had been to the shop, thrust his hand through the pane of glass, and torn out the paper—trusting no doubt, that Mr. *Hon. Sec.* would be able to find in it something fit for a Special Jury, in which case the informer would not have gone unrewarded!

There appears to be something Chinese, says the *Chronicle*, in the prevailing taste of Dublin at this moment; the Recorder's speech is in the true style of the celestial Empire, *omnia magna loquens*, and might indeed cause some jealousy at Pekin. "That the Monarch of *the greatest Empire upon Earth*, &c. &c. brother of the Sun, and first cousin of the Moon," might have succeeded this flight without impairing the effect. Buttons have also risen in importance.

Extract of a letter from Paris, dated August 23:—"The Government alternately tolerates and prohibits the lithographic prints which call to recollection the death of Bonaparte. At the same time the boulevards are loaded with pamphlets in all forms, and under all sorts of titles, relating to that personage, which the venders offer to loungers to read gratuitously. I have not had the curiosity to read them. Several of them, to judge from the title, mean to insinuate that Napoleon was poisoned. One of them is entitled 'Napoleon and the Queen of England, both dead of a hereditary cancer.'"

An article, dated Vienna, August 11, says:—An extraordinary event has occurred in the neighbourhood of Schoenbrunn. In the middle of a very heavy rain, a prodigious quantity of insects fell, which are not only unknown in these countries, but even in the cabinets of the learned. These insects are of the size of Scarabei, which they resemble a little in shape; they are covered with a species of shell, and water appears to be their element, for they can only be preserved alive by plunging them into that liquid. It is supposed that they have been taken up in some distant region, and brought here by a water spout.

COUNTRY PAPER-MONEY.—The county of Lancaster,—a county containing near a million of inhabitants,—has been for a long time supplied only with Bank of England notes, all confidence in local paper having been destroyed by the failure of a very large banking-house at Manchester. When the Bank of England ceased to issue one pound notes, great quantities of sovereigns were sent down, which were eagerly taken; and at length, the Bank refusing to send any more, much inconvenience was felt in consequence. Some persons then suggested the establishment of local banks—a suggestion which created so much alarm, that a few days back, there was a numerous and respectable meeting at Manchester, at which, after some able speeches from Mr. Wood, &c. strongly urging the danger and pernicious effects of country paper-money, Resolutions were unanimously agreed to against receiving and circulating any local notes that might be issued; and a Committee was appointed to obtain the co-operation of the people at large. This is something to scare even the "Old Lady of Threadneedle street," as well as all her children!

The beadle of the new Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields was brought up to the Mansion-house on Thursday, charged with an assault. It appeared that a Mr. Bromley had gone into the Chapel with his child merely to *view it*, and on Sunday last, when he got into the body of the place, a person demanded three-pence as admission-money; this Mr. Bromley refused to pay, thinking all places of public worship *free*; neither would he accept the alternative of going out. His resistance drew round him a crowd of humble Irish, of whom the congregation was mainly composed, who talked very sharply in their *native* tongue, and ejaculated "Heretic!" The beadle then came up, and ejected him with outrageous and unwarrantable violence. In defence, the beadle said his object was to keep the peace by removing Mr. B. from the angry congregation; and that the debt of the chapel was paid by the money taken at the doors. The Lord Mayor decided, that there was no right to exact money in places of public worship; and the beadle refusing to apologize for his violence, was held to bail for the assault.

The country letters concur in one uniform representation with respect to the approaching harvest: by the concurrent language of all of them, it appears that the ground has not been for many years more thickly covered, nor the Wheat, Barleys, and Oats, of a better kind as to weight and apparent quality.

The *Gazette de France* has a report that the King of Great Britain will visit Paris in the course of next month, and that his Majesty intends to travel under the title of the Count de Lunebourg.

On Monday three persons were held to bail at Marlborough-street, for assaulting the Life Guards on Sunday in the affray at the Knightsbridge barrack.

It appears from a Parliamentary Paper, that the sums disbursed by the Excise of Scotland, as expences of law proceedings before the Courts of Exchequer, Session, and Justiciary, for the six years ending 1820, amounted to 45,056*l.*, which is about 7,500*l.* a-year, or 25*l.* a-day. The sums paid to the Solicitor of Excise have been about 5,340*l.* annually during these six years, out of which he has paid about 1,200*l.* annually to counsel. We have no doubt that the cheese-parings and candle-ends which fall into the hands of this functionary, as dues of office, greatly exceed the gains of an American Secretary of State!—*Scotch Paper.*

"Sometimes I cannot help constrasting" (says the fair author of the *Sketches of America*) the condition of the American with that of the English farmer. No tithes, no grinding taxes, no bribes received or offered by electioneering candidates; no anxious fears as to the destiny of his children and their future establishment in life.—Plenty at the board; good horses in the stable; an open door, a friendly welcome, light spirits, and easy toil;—such are what you find with the American farmer. In England—

"There is a tale the traveller can read,
Who on old Tyber's banks hath checked his steed,
And pass'd, and mus'd, and wept upon the wreck
Of what *was* Rome."

HUMBUG EXTRAORDINARY.

[*From the Morning Chronicle.*]

We've all of us heard of that mighty Commander,
The lauded, be-flummeried Great *Alexander*,
Who was said to be son of high *Jupiter Ammon*,
Tho' some of the wise ones in Greek call'd it *Gammon*,
But compar'd with the echo that rings thro' Killarney,
The Grecian was tame to the true Irish Blarney:
But tubs that are empty, if once set a tumbling,
Will make, as you'll find, the most rattling and rumbling;
So bellies all empty account for the noise
Of these ranting and bellowing Peep o' day Boys!
"*Love me, love my dog*" is stuck to, they're so merry,
And well as the Master, they daub e'en poor *Derry*:
Thus, *King*, *Derry*, and *Curtis*, and *Cony*—and—*Hazy*,
Have (wherefore he knows not) made *Paddy* quite crazy!

COURT AND FASHIONABLES.

IRISH ECSTASIES.

On the 22d the King went to the new Theatre, and his reception was *of course* more "prodigious" than at the London Theatres: there was no need, as on former occasions, to hire applauders. His Majesty had commanded the *Duenna* and the farce of *St. Patrick's Day*—both the productions of poor Sheridan. "The Captain's a bold man!" says *Mr. Peachum* in the *Beggar's Opera*. The pit, we are informed, "waved hats, hands, and *coats*." The theatrical authorities were so eager to greet their Patron, that upon a false alarm of his Majesty's entrance, the curtain drew up, the performers advanced singing "God save the King!" They retired, on discovering the mistake, amid the laughter of the audience.

The "Grand Civic Dinner," on the 23d, was, however, the most taking affair. We pass over the preparations at the Mansion-house, the galleries filled with ladies, and "all the delicacies of the season," &c. leaving all that to epicurean imaginations. When the King entered, he was received by the Lord Mayor, who expressed his "unspeakable" delight at this prodigious honour, in return for which his Majesty said he would knight the Recorder and Sheriffs, which he immediately did with the City sword. The farther particulars, from the Dublin Papers, will serve to shew on what little circumstances that acute people, the Irish, build their confident anticipations of a new Golden age:—

"His Majesty walked up the middle of the room with *towering dignity*, supported by the Lord Mayor, who conducted him to his Throne; his Majesty's suite, and the Dignitaries most illustrious in rank, occupied the Royal table. Grace was said by the Lord Primate: the whole of the guests then resumed their seats. The Lord Mayor helped his Majesty to soup, but some persons on his Majesty's left wishing also to be helped, and being too far from the Lord Mayor, his Majesty, in *the most condescending manner possible*, *took the ladle*, and *helped* the Lord Lieutenant, Prince Esterhazy, the Lord Chancellor, and some others. When his Majesty had finished his soup, he took his glass, and immediately challenged the Lord Mayor, who sat upon his right, and the Lord Lieutenant upon his left; they immediately rose and bowed to his Majesty, who drank to both their healths."

Towards the close of the evening, however, after the King had retired, and when the wine had circulated freely, a loyal Alderman, who could no longer contain himself, gave the great Orange toast—"*The Glorious and Immortal Memory.*" The attempt was put down by the shame of the company; but it was evident that the *ultras* were much inclined to break loose from "*conciliation*" trammels! So much for the "eternal" Harmony of the New Golden Age!

On the 24th the King visited the Dublin Society, and partook of a splendid *dejeunè* on the lawn of Leinster House. In the afternoon he left Dublin on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Conyngham at Slane Castle, about 22 miles distant. Bonfires were prepared on the road, and the peasantry, it is said, *lined* the way, and greeted his Majesty, much to his satisfaction, for he frequently laid both his hands on his heart.

BONAPARTE.

The death of Bonaparte has created a very lively sensation at Paris, and has affected parties differently according to the opinions they entertain. We are overwhelmed with odes, eulogies, histories, &c., though the few last years seem to have exhausted all that can possibly be said respecting that extraordinary man. The Journal, entitled the *Mirroir*, states that at the last representation of *Britannicus*, the audience loudly applauded the following line of Racine:—

"Non non, Britannicus est mort empoissonné."
No, no, Britannicus is poisoned.

It is certain that the opinion to which this Journal alludes, is very generally diffused throughout France.

In allusion to the same subject, a private letter thus observes:—"It was expected by some that the death of Napoleon would produce great agitation. They were deceived. It is true this news has not been received with indifference by the greater part of the nation—in the departments especially, particularly by the women—and, above all, by the military.—However, the greatest tranquillity reigns at this moment. Still it must not be supposed that this is the effect of indifference or lukewarmness; on the contrary, the nation experiences a profound sensation, but in place of showing it by useless agitations, which can only compromise a few individuals, public opinion is decided, and assumes a consistency truly imposing. An Ultra arrived a few days since at Paris, after having traversed three or four hundred leagues of France, and said, in the bitterness of his heart, 'I can no longer recognize a Frenchman—it is a thing invisible—the people have become Liberals everywhere. I know not what will be the result of the elections; but with such dispositions as these, we cannot expect that they will be favourable to us; the prospect is truly terrible!'"

We can state, says the *Morning Chronicle*, upon undoubted authority, that Prince Eugene has addressed a letter to the Members of the Holy Alliance, and to the British Government, in which he claims the remains of the Emperor Napoleon, now deposited at St. Helena, contrary to his express injunctions contained in the following codicil to his testament:—

Avril le 16, 1821, Longwood.

Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé.

I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people which I so much loved.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A HANGING WE WILL GO.

A NEW SONG BY MR. HARRY BROWN, SUNG BY THE R******R AND C****N S******T AT THE JUDGES' DINNERS.

TUNE.—*A Hunting we will Go.*

The Dusky Knight * puts down the cry
That bids the wretched hope;
The blood-hounds catch his jovial eye,
The hangman winds his rope.
And a hanging we will go,
A hanging we will go;
A hanging we will go, will go,
And a hanging we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay:
My dear, Sir John no pity knows,
I must be hung to-day:
For a hanging he will go,
He's always saying so;
He'd as lief hang us all as a crow, a crow,
So a hanging he will go.

In vain the ladies beg reprieves
For little boys untaught;
Your little boys are d—d great thieves,
I hope they'll all be caught:
For a hanging they shall go,
Like onions all of a row;
Like herrings dangling to and fro,
A hanging they shall go.

Says Mrs. Fry, Friend John, be calm;
Thou art in ill condition:—
Says John, it's all d—d nonsense, Ma'am;
We want an Inquisition;
That a hanging we may go,
And never a body know,
Like jacks in the kitchen below, below,
While the joints a trembling go.

At last the very Juries rise,
And beg to state a reason:
You shan't, good Mr. Sergeant cries:
Here's burglary and treason!
What! not a hanging go!
We will, Mr. Foreman and Co.
Whether you like it or no, or no,
We'll still a hanging go.

Let others for their wine prepare
With devil or hung beef,
We like a still more devilish fare,
A delicate hung thief:
For a drinking we must go,
And hanging makes dry, you know;
So a hanging and drinking we'll go, we'll go,
Till the Devil himself says no.

* Commonly called by the less poetical *Black Jack*,—perhaps for a triple reason.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 449.

DRURY-LANE.

WHILE over-flowing and delighted audiences recognise and acknowledge the *Coronation* at this Theatre, we have no expectation that it will close till the usual time of re-opening—possibly the very night before that event! Mr. ELLISTON's limited number of nights appears not likely yet to reach its limits, and reminds us of those tedious, brief, tormenting nights, who possess the marvellous faculty of condensing, to their own satisfaction at least, half a day into that much abused period "only half an hour." If any members of the company, therefore, anticipating a vacation, contemplate a country excursion, let them look for it some fine Sunday; say between the 20th and 23d of October next. So much Sabbath may, during re-hearsals, be permitted. The *Show* continues to attract, and no wonder. There are thousands who care for little else. The eye is the readiest inlet to enjoyment; and splendour, in the abstract, is intelligible to the meanest capacity. We wish not however to be understood as undervaluing the sight or the gazers: on the contrary, we readily confess we would rather be beguiled at the representation into a momentary sense of reality, than be again visited at the real pageant with the painful feeling of its unsubstantiality. Once, however, is enough—we were about heedlessly to say, of either. At least we found it so, for our eyes were fain to seek amusement on Tuesday night rather in the spectators than in the spectacle, until called to business by the prompter's bell, which announced the commencement of a new piece, entitled £500.

The name itself is taking enough, but surely since the word *farce* is English, the present designation of *petit* (why not *petite?*—or must we say *petty?*) *comedy* is a misnomer. We know not whether to ascribe this to modesty or to an opposite motive;—whether the author thought the *title*, like that of *epic*, *degraded*, or feared to degrade it: but if ever we saw a piece *stuffed* with gross conceits and buffoonery (whence originated the term,) we saw a *farce* in this last instance.

We give a kindly greeting to that fellow of infinite jest, a PUN, when he comes fairly, spontaneously, and legitimately in our way,—when, knowing his place, he acts adjectively, and gives piquancy to allusion, illustration, or some home-felt truth; making, as he oft does, his welcome appearance in the one only fitting, *Horatian* word the sense demands. But when, *sortant de son façon*, he usurps the place of a substantive, if lugged in head and shoulders, he is his own beginning, middle and end; when with chuckling solemnity, he insinuates himself like a treacherous quack puff;—although we might not with JOHNSON (who, by the bye, relished his own puns as much as we may ours) treat him like a pickpocket; but as a sense of humiliation unaccountably possesses us, we instinctively resist the attempt to make us a party to a lame and impotent conclusion. Some, 'tis true, are so "excellently bad" as to flatter one's sense of superiority. (Hence, the observation, that "the worst are the best.") But the case is altered when they pretend to, and would exact, a higher consideration; when we are asked to laugh *with* instead of *at*; the pride which but now was tickled, receives a provoking scratch and resents the affront. That dramatic characters should be conscious of an apt reparten is self-evident; but that they should be all (as is now mostly the case) conscious vehicles for puns and far-fetched jokes, is intolerable. There should be no collusion between the author and player in such case. The beauty of all *equivoque*, if it occur at all, clearly consists in its being apparent to the audience, and apparently not so to the speaker. COLMAN's *Ollapod*, whose character as a professed punster is as proper to him as his profession of apothecary, is all very well: it is a character (would it were!) *per se*. But when the trencher-bearers of the stage make "clenches" and "sell bargains" (as the old writers term it) with all the self-complacency of a Cambridge trencher-cap, when sense, which should be aided by it, is twisted for the sake of sound, when puns are taken into training, and humed down like a bag-fox, when clumsy machines, *stale traps* with malice aforethought, are set to catch—*vox et præterea nihil*—merely a vocal quibble, when a servant appears with a queue of half a yard, solely for the sake of "unfolding a tale"—or a spendthrift talks of his sports, to make a painful comparison between the beak of a snipe, a tailor's scissors; these things, again we say, are outrageous: we wish we had outlived them in others, as we hope we have in ourselves! Besides, though perhaps new to the

author of £500. they have been very old any time this hundred years. Truly we had as lief have the scene in a pastry-cook's shop, and gratuitously and complacently be compared by some damned good-natured friend to a *sponge-cake*, and then, "as ready as a borrower's cap" be taxed with the *tartness* of our looks! We thought the farce of *Two-pence* had a tolerable share of this "cheap substitute for wit," but, live and learn, *Five Hundred Pounds* has its proportionate *quantum*, and is accordingly "*most* tolerable, and not to be endured."

The incidental matter—formerly we might have called it plot—of this effort, arises from the shifts, clumsy enough, of *Non-plus* (Cooper) to obtain the means to discharge his debts. Failing in his application to a Jew, through the unaccounted for, and unaccountable vagaries of his uncle *Wiseacre* (Gattie,) who assumes and throws off a beard and gaberdine with equal lack of reason,—he resolves to terrify the old man himself out of the money by appearing as a Ghost. The assumption of one of the singing-men's surplices, and the use of a little flour, fortunately for the audience succeeds; and the piece closes with his declaring his resolution to marry his cousin (Mrs. Orger,) a spirited lass, worthy of a better mate. This, however, we only presume, for the clamour of the audience, whose patience had, up to this time, been exemplary, rendered the latter parts inaudible. The Stage is already overstocked with cocknies, monsters to be met with no where else. *Bobby Bobbin* (well played by Russell) in the present piece, presenting no new deformity, may rank with any class of his innumerable predecessors. In a production replete with bare-faced puns and obviously turning upon money, the *Sovereign* had little chance to escape, although Geo. Selwyn might have taught the author he was *no Subject*. *Non-plus*, in eager anticipation of a loan, is made to say, "I reverence a Sovereign." This exquisite quibble is fit to become the standard joke of the many whose *loyalty* and love of money form one integral passion: it is well adapted to the perspicacity of Sir William Curtis, and would doubtless have been highly relished by him. But he is in Ireland, keeping "the King's much-conspired-against Stationer King" in countenance; 'tis to be hoped the good thing will reach him, provided he has not already said it himself. We commiserated Cooper under all this infliction. His keen relish of a good joke, which has so often heightened our own; his happy power of exciting the same enjoyment, as palpable, and perhaps even more refined than Terry's, here availed him nothing.

The time has been, that when the audience damned, the piece would die, but now ———. This, however, lingered only to the third night, and appears to be withdrawn.

O.

HAYMARKET.

A new comic piece of one Act, entitled *Match Making*, was produced at this Theatre on Saturday Evening last. This sort of miniature Comedy is now the order of the day; and we should have no objection, if the rage for it did not interfere with more solid and respectable efforts. If it is to be regarded as symptomatic of a revival of taste for what it has been usual to call genteel Comedy, we shall be still more complacent; for it is with some concern we have seen poor Thalia elbowed out of notice by Melodrama on the one side, and mere Farce upon the other. These one act condensations at least *approach* to a better taste; and slight and sketchy as they are, preserve some of the better features of the illtreated Muse. By slow degrees, we may be able to endure another *School for Scandal*, or a first act of the *Critic* without yawning for the second.

Match Making is a pleasant bagatelle. An old Gentleman, unmarried himself, has a passion for marrying every body else; and having provided a titled Niece to whom he is guardian, with a husband, who does her the favour to break his neck during the honey-moon, he is solicitous to replace him with another. His choice falls upon the son of an old friend, a Captain Belmont, who commands a company in a regiment of Hussars. This Gentleman he writes to upon the subject; but in his letter attacks the libertine propensities of a Colonel Rakely of the same regiment, his commanding officer—a very Lothario. His letter by an accident falls into the hands of the Colonel, who determines, partly from revenge, and partly from a spirit of adventure, to personate Belmont, and conquer his mistress before he arrives. His stratagem, however, fails; the Lady is determined to reject every suitor introduced by her uncle; and moreover is in love with the real Belmont, without knowing who he is. The equivoque is produced by the arrival of the proper Simon Pure, who is taken for the designing Rakely; and some very amusing cross purposes follow, before the discovery is made. The conclusion may be easily imagined.

This small affair was admirably performed. Mrs. Chatterly was the lively widow; and in the only scene which afforded any scope to her talents, rallied the veteran lady-killer with great effect, by anticipating all his fine things and irresistible declarations. This was very good, as we believe these overpowering personages regard laughter as a most unpromising symptom in *la belle passion*. Jones was the gallant Colonel, and very happily displayed his alternate confidence and confusion. Terry as the Uncle, was as effective as the delivery of a great deal of nonsense would allow; and the intriguing servant of Oxberry was excellent. De Camp, as the true lover, did what was set down for him very well, and became his regimentals still better. This piece was received with unequivocal approbation; and we believe has been played during the whole of the present week.

LYCEUM.

An *Operetta*—a pleasant word that—was brought forward on Thursday evening. In general character it very much resembles *Match Making*. A Gentleman is obliged to leave his new married wife and make a journey of business into the country. The Lady (*Mrs. Trustall*) thinks his absence will afford her an opportunity to agreeably surprise him with her portrait when he returns; for which purpose she employs *Mr. Easel*, a young spendthrift Barrister, who finds it necessary to turn his amateur cultivation of painting into a source of profit. *Easel* is an *Exquisite* who imagines the Lady in love with him, and a taste for humour induces her to play him off. The point consists in his being exposed to the Husband and an old Uncle of his own, and laughed into promises of reformation.

Wrench was the Coxcomb, and he was at home in it; although the portrait scene was rather languishing, for want of dialogue. One scene, in which he hears himself laughed at, when he had expected to have been described as all perfection, was very effective. The happiest character in the piece, however, was an old domestic, by Wilkinson; not that there is the least novelty in the conception of an ancient servant praising "*former times*," but it was performed with that quiet and taking humour which is sure to please. This actor, in his line, exhibits no small originality—a little too addicted to cockney vulgarisms, when not absolutely in character, but upon the whole exceedingly comic and faithful. He sang a song, comparing past with present times, in a manner which not only produced an encore, but an inclination to hear him a third time. The song was a theft from the dialogue of *Crokery* in *Exit by Mistake*. Miss Blanchard was a very graceful young wife. This piece is given to Mr. Beasley, author of *The Boarding House at Brighton*, &c. The dialogue is occasionally smart, with the introduction of a *double entendre* or two, which might have been spared.

The taste for small comic pieces is originally French; and we are of opinion that if a recourse were had to the dramatic proverbs and *petites pieces* in that language, some transplantation might take place, which, with a little adaptation, would flourish in the light soil of a Summer Theatre. Some of them indeed are very elegant and refined, which we fear would be no great recommendation. An essay might however be made with one or two of the most

palpable. Humiliating language this, but, let the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* say what they will, it is true; so let it pass. Q.

NEWSPAPER CHAT.

"——————— So we'll live,
"And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
"At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
"Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
"Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
"And take upon us the mystery of things,
"As if we were God's Spies."——SHAKSPEAR.

Henry IV. being much enamoured of Mad. d'Entragne, asked her one day, which was the way to her chamber? Through the church, Sir, was the answer.

A wealthy person asked the philosopher Sadi, in derision, how it happened that men of wit were so frequently seen at the doors of the rich, and that the rich were never seen at the doors of men of wit? "It is," replied Sadi, "because men of wit know the value of riches; but rich men do not know the value of wit."

Leo, the Byzantine sophist, came to Athens to persuade the people to concord. Being a little fat personage, with a portly belly, he no sooner mounted the rostrum than a loud and universal laugh ensued. But he, nothing moved, taking advantage of the incident, said, "Why do you laugh, men of Athens? My wife is yet fatter than I am." A louder laugh arose. But he proceeded, "Now, fat as we are, and large, one bed easily holds us when at concord; but when a variance arises, the whole house cannot contain us."

The actual population of Ireland is supposed to exceed 6,500,000; its productive land has been computed to amount to 13,454,375 acres. There are consequently little more than two acres to each inhabitant, and yet the value of the exported surplus produce of each acre, one with another, appears to have amounted to about 9*s*.

The *Journal de Rouen* says, that several persons have testified that they witnessed, on the 20th instant, at Sotteville-les-Rouen, a rain of white butterflies, which fell in abundance towards the close of the day.

Anecdotes still occasionally peep out in certain journals of that weak-minded person, the late King. Had we not long observed a fashionable *cant* on this subject, we should be inclined to think meanly of the intellects which continually put forward the merest common-places with all the air of philosophic originalities. The following is a fresh specimen:—"At the period of the late King's illness, one afternoon Colonel G—— was desired to play a game at draughts with the Sovereign. His Majesty, as at other intervals, uncommonly lucid, kept his adversary's skill on the watch for an advantageous move. At length the opportunity arrived, when the Colonel exultingly said, "Now, Sir, I shall beat you; for I am going to make a king." "Then," said the Monarch, looking significantly, "you cannot make a more unhappy thing!"

A DELUGE.—"We have had, (says Horace Walpole, dating his letter from Strawberry-hill, June 11, 1755,) an extraordinary drought, no grass, no leaves, no flowers; not a white rose for the festival of yesterday," (the Pretender's birth-day.) "About four arrived such a flood, that we could not see out of the windows: the whole lawn was a lake, though situated on so high an Ararat. Presently it broke through the leads, drowned the pretty blue bed-chamber, passed through ceilings and floors into the little parlour, terrified Harry, and opened all Catharine's watergates and *speechgates*. I had but just time to collect two dogs, a couple of sheep, a pair of bantams, and a brace of gold fish; for in the haste of my zeal to imitate my ancestor Noah, I forgot that fish would not easily be drowned. In short, if you chance to spy a little ark with pinnacles sailing towards Jersey, open the skylight, and you will find some of your acquaintance. You never saw such desolation! It never come into my head before, that a Rainbow Office, for insuring against water, might be very necessary. This is a true account of the late deluge:—

"Witness our hands; HORACE NOAH;
CATH. NOAH, her ✕ mark;
HENRY SHEM;
LOUIS JAPHET;
PETER HAM, &c."

One of the soldiers, who used formerly to stand on each side of the stage at the theatre, happening to fall down suddenly in an apoplectic fit, the celebrated Miss Chudleigh immediately went into a fit, kicking and shrieking most violently, which caused much confusion. The next day, at Lady Townshend's, Charles Stanhope asked what those fits were called? Charles Townshend replied, "The true Convulsion Fits; to be had only of the Maker."

Dr. Suckling, who married a niece of Sir Robert Walpole, quarrelled with a country Squire, who said, "Doctor, your gown is your protection."—"Is it so?" replied the Parson; "but, by God, it shall not be your's;" so pulling it off, he thrashed the Squire *divinely!*

It has been observed of the custom of *Swearing*, "that it came in at the Head, but is going out at the Tail." Certainly the fashion has not wanted very many noble and illustrious supporters. The oath of the Conqueror was, "By the Splendour of God!" That of Rufus, "By St. Luke's face!" The form in every day use by Henry VIII. was, "By the Mother of God!" To swear like a Lord—like a Prince—like an Emperor—are common phrases; and they sufficiently prove that the custom "came in at the Head;" but whether it will "go out at the Tail" is another matter; for we believe that the "Head" itself has not yet reformed it altogether in this respect. It is reported, that when Lord Londonderry eagerly informed the King that "his greatest enemy was no more;" his Majesty, with more than his accustomed elegance and vivacity exclaimed, "Is she, by G-d?" And *that* is the simple oath, we understand, which his Majesty frequently employs, when he is graciously disposed to be energetic.

Lord Bathurst, writing to Dean Swift, thus speaks of Corporate Bodies:—"All Corporations of men are perpetually doing injustice to individuals. I have often reflected (from what cause it arises I know not) that the majority of a Society are honest men, and would act, separately, with some humanity, and according to the rules of morality; yet, conjunctively, they are hard-hearted determined villains. I know Physicians, who, if you take them out of their practice, are very good sort of men; but was there ever in the world a consultation of them that tended to any thing else but robbery and murder? Do the body of Lawyers think of any thing else but to plunder and destroy the rest of mankind? In short, there is no Corporation to be excepted out of this general rule, but—the two Houses of Parliament, and all Assemblies of Diviner, wheresoever dispersed through the Christian world."

What is termed Indian rubber, is an elastic gum, the produce of a shrub named Bendúd, which grows in the East Indies. They have, in Java, one tree called the Soap Tree, the fruit of which they use extensively in the washing of linen: another which produces a kind of wax, which is used in lamps and made into candles, and has besides the quality of emitting an agreeable odour: and a third very useful tree, which produces a species of tallow. The celebrated "Upas Tree" is also a native of Java; but the stories once told of its dreadful qualities are now known to be mere romance; and the fact is, that though a strong poison may be prepared from the sap of the tree, mixed with some other substances, it is otherwise harmless. It is a fine forest tree, the stem rising perpendicularly the height of 60, 70, or 80 feet.

The edible nests, of which the Chinese epicures are so remarkably fond, are made by small swallows, which abound among the cliffs and caverns of Java, and the other Eastern Islands. Dr. Horsfield is of opinion, that the substance which makes these nests, eagerly sought for as food, is an animal elaboration, perhaps a kind of secretion.

It is really quite ridiculous to hear people prate of the blessings of being born in England—of the advantages flowing from "our glorious constitution,"—of its being the "envy of the world," &c. England is doubtless a fine country, and might be made a happy one; but, for many years, it has been one of which the people at large have no reason to boast; and is now, in fact, one of the very last countries in which a humble man need wish to dwell. The poor of the Continent are unquestionably much better off than those of England; and if the following account, given by Sir Stamford Raffles, late Lieutenant-governor of Java, of the people of that island, be not a fabulous one, is there a rational creature, who does not see that Great Britain, whatever it might once have been, is not now the land in which the common people have a "goodly heritage:"—"In no other [illegible] of either sex considered as an incumbrance, or the addition to [illegible] family as a misfortune: marriage is therefore almost universal, [illegible] old maid (observes this intelligent author) are children [illegible] As unmarried man past twenty is seldom to be met with, and an [illegible] is considered a curiosity."

In the year 1745, when the Scotch entered England, and a general consternation was diffused over a great part of the North, a certain Doctor preached upon Proverbs, chap. xxviii. ver. 1. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion." But before a week was at an end, the Doctor and his family were gone.—*Anonymiana.*

Doctor Brett took for his text, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord," 2 Cor. iv. 5. The text he pronounced twice, and very emphatically; but pausing rather longer than ordinary, the second time, at the words "*we preach not ourselves*,"

one of the audience turning to his neighbour, cried—"*but our Curates.*"—*Ditto.*

It is a common observation, that unless a man take a *delight* in a thing, he will never pursue it with pleasure or assiduity. *Diligentia*, diligence, is from *diligo*, to love.—*Ditto.*

Gentleness and *gentility* are the same thing; and if they are not the same words, they come from one and the same original; from whence likewise is deduced the word *gentleman*; and it is certain that nothing that is rough and boisterous in men's manners can be *genteel*. The word *gentle*, however, has completely altered its signification. It was formerly connected with what was in high stations only, and to this day in some parts of England *white* bread is called *gentle* bread.

"A *gentle* knight was pricking on the plain,"

means only that he was a man of good family. Now-a-days, though a *genteel* man would perhaps never be other than a *gentleman*, I do not suppose that the oracles of politeness would allow that a *gentle*-man must also imply a *genteel* man.—*Ditto.*

EDIFYING SERMON.—The following is an abstract of a sermon preached at the York Assizes, before Mr. Justice Bayley (of prayer-book and tax-approving fame), by the High Sheriff's Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Powell. The *Times* Reporter says,—"We never heard the most unreserved and unqualified loyalty, or rather political optimism, recommended with more unhesitating solemnity."

"Without religion," quoth Mr. Powell, (meaning of course such as it has existed in conjunction with legitimate establishments,) "without religion the most atrocious crimes would have been committed;" (*auto-da-fes*, for instance, the burnings in Smithfield, and the massacre of Saint Bartholomew;) "there could be no mutual confidence between man and man" (such as the Jesuits inspired;) "truth could not be elicited, and justice could not be administered," (Galileo, for instance, would not have been allowed to prove that the earth moves round the sun, nor would Louis the 14th have burnt the Palatinate and recalled the edict of Nantes;) "yet religion could not control the passions and actions of men without the aid and enforcement of civil government." (Vide the histories of James the 2d., Henry the 8th., and the Popes.) "The state of religion and government in this country was the best that had ever been known," (for the Rev. Mr. Powell,) "or probably that would ever exist" (till he becomes a Bishop; when it will be rendered incapable of further excellence.) "The legislature was wise and upright," (see the speeches of Lord Castlereagh; the proceedings respecting his truck and barter of seats; and the oath against bribery and corruption), "the administration of justice enlightened and impartial" (lamps in the "London Tavern," Best's Reports, and the different treatment of Italian witnesses against the Queen, and English witnesses against the soldiers;) "there was provision for the needy," (especially for the widows of naval officers,) "and hospitals for the diseased," (who are also supplied with jokes by Mr. Canning.) "It was therefore the most sacred obligation upon all to support the religion and government of this country," (especially those whose arguments the former answers with jails, and whose adherence to the constitution the latter punishes with ditto,) "but it was particularly the duty of the rich and powerful!" (because, of course, they have *not* the advantage of the poor and weak, which must be delightful to such good people.) "It would be ungrateful as well as unjust not to acknowledge that the rich and powerful generally performed their high and important duties with great attention and success" (especially those most countenanced at court, such as the Marquisses of Anglesea and Headfort.) "Their dwellings were encompassed with their beneficence and good example," (vide the gambling-houses passim, Lady Castlereagh's parties after the Saturday's opera has been shut by the Bishop, and the Vice Society.) "Yet they would do well to exert their utmost vigilance against dangerous and blasphemous publications" (against those, for instance, who advocate the mistaken notion that corruption is not necessary, and who say that God is not an eternal punisher, and that the old Christians had a right to differ with the tribunals of law.) "If the poison of modern philosophy should work its way to the heart of the body politic, we should relapse into a worse condition than that of aboriginal heathenism and darkness," (when the Golden Age was supposed to exist, and angels walked with men.) "Christianity was infinitely more beneficial than all the learning of antiquity and all the shadowy, flimsy, and fallacious inventions of modern times" (that is to say, Christianity, according to Mr. Powell's construction, with a good disinterested train of those much misrepresented things, called "pomps and vanities," which it is proper to speak against only in the Catechism.) "Yet there were in this country poor men who felt the want of work, of food, and of due attention in sickness." (How now, Mr. Powell?) "It ought to be remembered that Christianity was not designed to give riches to the poor, health to the sick, youth to the aged. Its object was to direct the hopes and affections of men to another and a better world." (Oh, ho: there you settle it. But what then becomes of your hospitals, and of your blessed "rich and powerful?"—Powell, Powell, thou art of ominous name, and an odd bearer of testimony!)

IRISH SONG.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note that he lov'd awaking:
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
That the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

He had liv'd for his Love, for his Country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him:
Nor soon shall the tears of his Country be dried,
Nor long shall his Love stay behind him.

O make her a grave where the sunbeams at rest
Shall promise a glorious morrow;
They will smile o'er her tomb, like a tear from the West,
Of her own lov'd Island of sorrow.——THOS. MOORE.

TO LUCASTA,

ON THE AUTHOR'S GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True; a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Lov'd I not Honour more.——R. LOVELACE.

FUNERALS OF HONEY AND FRANCIS.

The public funeral of these two unfortunate men took place on Sunday last, as previously announced, by the desire and at the expense of the Mechanics of London, and more particularly of the Bricklayers and Carpenters. The Government sent notice to the Lord Mayor the afternoon before, to keep the peace of the city, and also had the gates of Hyde-Park well secured with chains and boards. Mr. Sheriff Waithman had expressed his regret at the intention to bury the poor men publicly, for fear of any disturbance arising out of present irritation; but finding it was persisted in, he very laudably resolved to exert himself to make it as peaceable as possible. As High Sheriff of the county, he summoned the civil power in considerable force, and attended personally on horseback, accompanied by his Under Sheriff.

About half-past one o'clock, a hearse containing the coffin in which the body of George Francis was deposited, and followed by four mourning-coaches with the relatives and friends of the deceased, started from King-gate-street, Holborn. In Oxford-street it was joined by a similar procession with the remains of Honey; and thence, escorted by a prodigious assemblage of people, who conducted themselves with the utmost order and decorum, it turned down Brook-street, &c. into Piccadilly, and proceeded along the western-road to Hammersmith church. The road was lined with spectators, and the whole scene was solemn and impressive. There was the greatest anxiety to view the procession, and as much as 5*s.* was paid for seats in houses commanding a view. At Knightsbridge, the *Times* calculates, there were present 70 or 80,000 people. The gates of the Life Guards' barrack were closed, and only a few soldiers were to be seen through the upper windows. When the procession came by, some persons began to hiss and cry "Butchers!" but the large majority called out "Order, order!" and by the help of Mr. Waithman, to whom the people paid a grateful respect, quiet was restored. The soldiers disappeared from the windows.

The procession reached Hammersmith about four o'clock, and the bells began tolling. At the Church, the coffin of Francis was taken from the hearse in the following form:—The persons who had taken part in the procession advanced first, followed by the two banner men. Then came a plateau of plumes—of which

the Government did not furnish one at the "decent, proper, and becoming" funeral of the Queen of England. It was carried by a person in deep mourning, and was followed by the supporters of the coffin, who were eight in number. A rich pall—and here observe again the difference between the funerals of these two poor mechanics and that of the late Consort of "the most potent monarch George IV."—was thrown over the coffin, and thrown over it with a decency and solemnity which formed a striking contrast to the scene at Harwich. The Church-yard and all the adjacent places were excessively crowded; and when the funeral service began, the whole mass of people took off their hats—the trumpets of the attending benefit societies playing a psalm. Precisely the same ceremony was observed with regard to the coffin of Honey. When the bodies were finally borne to the grave, numbers, both men and women, displayed the greatest eagerness to touch them. The melancholy spectacle of the bereaved children of the unhappy men occasionally drew some indignant exclamations from the spectators.

About six o'clock, a body of soldiers came out of Knightsbridge-barrack, and placed themselves in front with an air of defiance. The procession was then coming up on its return. Mr. Waithman, who had stationed the civil power opposite the barrack, now rode up to the soldiers, and requested them, for the sake of peace, to withdraw. He told them he had authority to clear them off the foot-path; but if they would oblige him by retiring, he would engage that his officers should arrest the first person who offered them any insult. The soldiers were obstinate. Mr. Waithman then sent in a similar request, with his respectful compliments, to the commanding-officer, who said in reply to the messengers,—"Tell Mr. Waithman, your Sheriff, he may go and be d—d; my men shall stay where they are; I will not consent to have them made prisoners of." The import of this answer got spread among the people, who kept arriving from Hammersmith with feelings strongly excited. In the mean time, Mr. Waithman again addressed the soldiers, telling them, that as the commanding officer refused to direct what was necessary to the public peace, he (the Sheriff) must take upon him to command them, and he did command them to retire. The soldiers, with reluctance and murmuring, withdrew within the gates; and the people thrice cheered Mr. Waithman. The soldiers, who had collected themselves in the windows of their respective apartments, laughed loudly, and some shook their fists. The populace retorted by calling them "Piccadilly butchers, cowardly cut-throats," &c. Mr. Sheriff Waithman, whilst this scene was transacting, was riding up and down with his Under Sheriff, endeavouring to mollify the anger of the people. For a time he succeeded; but as soon as he rode on a little, "stones," says the *Times*, "began to be thrown by both parties, and so simultaneously that it would be difficult to decide which were the aggressors." About this time, a drunken Life Guardsman unluckily reeled up towards the barrack; he was knocked down and maltreated by the people. The soldiers climbed the wall, some armed with bludgeons; and a fierce battle ensued. Vollies of stones were hurled from the barrack-windows, and back by the people. The Guards were beaten and driven in with various damages. Their comrades immediately issued forth with swords and carbines. It was a frightful spectacle. Soldiers, some dressed, some in their undress, were seen bursting out of the gates clambering over its walls, and rushing, with drawn swords and infuriated looks, into the midst of the unarmed multitude. Some of the multitude fled, but others fought with great valour; blood flowed on both sides. Mr. Waithman now rode back into the midst of the combatants. He called to a corporal to whom he had before spoken, to desist. The only answer the man made was to slip aside and knock down an individual near. Still the Sheriff attempted to persuade him to retire; a young officer, in plain clothes, came up, and attempted to shoulder the Sheriff off the foot-path. The corporal took courage and seized the Sheriff's horse by the bridle, saying, "Damn you, I'll soon show you the way off the foot-path." Mr. Waithman, around whom were only five or six of his officers, all of whom were struck and wounded by the military, hit the corporal a heavy blow on the cap with a riding stick. The blow stunned the man, but others forced the Sheriff and his horse into the middle of the street. Two or three ruffian soldiers ran at him with their pointed swords; his officers turned them aside; another was seen, after having first deliberately loaded his carbine, to take deliberate aim at the Alderman. Whilst the carbine was in that situation, a sheriff's officer of the name of Levi, ran up and knocked the ruffian down. The struggle continued a few minutes afterwards, and then suddenly closed, the men retiring by command to the barrack. The Sheriff was then fully occupied in calming the spirits of the enraged multitude, many of whom applied to him to know whether they had a right to repel the brutal force which was brought against them, adding, that, if they had, and he would lead them on, they were ready to die by his side. They stayed, for a considerable time, hooting the military, and loading them with every term of vituperation that the English language could afford. The women were particularly violent in language. This rendered it necessary for the Sheriff to remain riding up and down the road till nearly eight o'clock. No person was mortally wounded; several of the people received heavy contusions, and some severe cuts. Several of the Guards bled copiously from the nose and mouth.—[We are informed by a gentleman on whose authority we can rely, that long before the procession arrived at the barracks, and after the gates were shut, a brick-bat was thrown from over the barrack wall among the crowd, by which an infant in its mother's arms was struck, and severely wounded.—*Times.*]

Mr. Sheriff Waithman had addressed a very proper and manly letter to Earl Bathurst on the subject of the above outrage. After recapitulating the circumstances, to the same effect as the above account, the worthy Sheriff thus concludes:—

"My Lord, these circumstances require no comment. At a critical conjuncture the soldiers were left to their own exasperated feeling, and manifested a lawless spirit. The civil power under my direction was fully adequate for the preservation of the peace among the people, but not to encounter an armed soldiery. I had no communication from his Majesty's Government, nor could I obtain an interview with any of the officers of the regiment; and when I directed some of the constables to represent to the officers, in the most respectful terms, my desire that the soldiers should be kept within the barracks, the message returned was, 'That the Sheriff might be d—d, they would not make their men prisoners for him;' and I feel assured, that had I not interposed with the civil power, and even risked my own life, a frightful slaughter must have ensued. Of subordination to civil authority the soldiery appeared to be wholly unconscious, and that authority, in my person, was repeatedly insulted and grossly outraged.

"It would, my Lord, be as needless as presumptuous in me, to attempt to instruct your Lordship and his Majesty's Government in the nature of the constitutional authority under which I attended on Sunday, or the right I possessed in my official character to have claimed the aid and assistance of those very military to suppress tumult, who have, upon this occasion, in open defiance of the civil authority, been the promoters of it; nor need I add one word in aggravation of the enormity of the offences committed: the offenders can, some of them, be identified, and I trust your Lordship will cause immediate and effectual means to be adopted to bring them to justice, as a salutary example to others. I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's obedient humble servant, "R. WAITHMAN.

"*The Right Hon. Earl Bathurst*, &c. &c."

Lord Bathurst replied on the 28th, stating, that he had, before the receipt of Sheriff Waithman's letter, given directions for an Inquiry to be made into the circumstances of the riot at Knightsbridge, "in consequence of representations made to me, which, I am bound to say, differ in many essential particulars from the statement which I received from you." His Lordship finally adds,—"I cannot refrain from expressing my regret and surprise, that, 'when the Civil Power under your direction was fully adequate (you state) for the preservation of the peace among the people, *a mob should have been permitted to remain in a continued state of riot, after the Soldiers had been withdrawn within their Barracks*, until the Riot Act was read by Mr. Conant, and the rioters were dispersed by the peace officers under his immediate orders." Mr. Sheriff Waithman, in answer to this, states positively that he was on the spot for nearly nine hours, and did not retire till he had assured himself, by riding about in different directions *for about an hour and a half after the military, that tranquillity was perfectly restored*, and that the reading of the Riot Act, and dispersion of rioters, *must have arisen from some new and distinct disturbance.* [This was actually the fact! a mob assembled again about ten o'clock. Sir N. Conant read the Riot Act, and several persons were taken into custody, and committed next day for assaulting the peace-officers. How dignified in Lord Bathurst to pick up a cast-off lie of the *Courier!*].

INQUESTS ON THE VICTIMS OF MILITARY VIOLENCE.

INQUEST ON RICHARD HONEY.

SEVENTH DAY—MONDAY.

Mr. Adolphus the Barrister appeared to-day in an official way; and being asked by a Juror for whom he appeared, he replied for the first regiment of Life Guards. The Jury did not much relish this new legal intrusion, and they expressed their feelings

the lawyers would greatly prolong the Inquest. The Learned Gentleman asserted his *right* to attend the Court as an Advocate; and then, in the strongest way, commenced a protest against Mr. Sheriff Waithman's being present and examining the witnesses! Mr. Waithman replied with great firmness and judgment, stating, that he came there to assist in the inquiry into the cause of Honey's death, which he was requested and authorised to do by the deceased's family. The Jury seemed to feel this strange attempt of the Advocate as offensive to themselves, and kept the Learned Gentleman at due distance.

Sir Robert Baker was the first witness examined. He recapitulated the well-known occurrences at Kensington. After that time his opinion was, that the procession should go through the city, because another passage could not have been effected without occasioning serious danger, not only to the crowds assembled and to the soldiers themselves, but to the attendants on the procession, many of whom were females. He considered, however, that the military officer of the escort, Capt. Bouverie, was the person in authority; and to him he submitted. The Captain had since told him, that his orders were peremptory to keep to the prescribed route. Witness was not present at Cumberland-gate till after the firing: he gave no directions for the firing, and read no Riot Act. No Magistrate read it, or gave directions for the firing, to his knowledge.

Lieut.-Colonel Cavendish, of the First Regiment of Life Guards, gave evidence regarding the disposition of the detachments out on the 14th August. *Lieut. Gore* was posted at Cumberland-gate with 12 or 13 men. His and some other detachments were sent out to different Park gates, direct from the Horse Guards, without any reference to the civil power. Lieut. Gore is a young man, rather tall and dark, with brown hair. After the affray, 36 soldiers went to the hospital wounded.

Mr. Blakie.—Colonel Cavendish, before you leave the room, I cannot refrain from making known to you the unworthy conduct of a part of your regiment at the barracks. When, as Jurors, we went there, we were violently assaulted and grossly insulted by the soldiers.

The Foreman.—I believe you speak the unanimous sentiments of the Jury.

Mr. Caife.—Colonel Cavendish was present, and ordered the men to "do their duty."

Mr. Blakie.—Yes; and they "did their duty" by cutting my mouth.

Colonel Cavendish.—I cannot answer to these matters. I am summoned to speak to the death of Richard Honey.

Josiah Brown, servant at No. 2, Cumberland-street, distinctly deposed, that the people were quiet and threw no stones, until the detachment at Cumberland-gate, after their officer, a thin young man, had spoken to them, rode about cutting the people.

Summonses were ordered for Capt. Oakes, Lieutenants Hall, Storey, Gore, Terry.—Adjourned over Tuesday.

Eighth Day—Wednesday.

Corporal Haywood was the first witness called. He was on duty at Cumberland-gate with Lieut. Gore's party. The first thing that occured was, that a crowd came to the Park gates and shut them. "When the people were taking hold of the gates, we asked, were they the gate-keepers, and they answered us with all manner of ill language. We were then obliged to draw our swords and to use force.

Coroner.—What do you mean by force?

Witness.—Why, to drive them away; to compel them; to strike them. There were at this time some stones thrown, but of no great consequence. When the gates were again closed, we again attempted to open them, and were received with a shower of stones from the walls and the lodge. I was struck at the second opening with a brickbat on the temple, and was blind and deaf for two or three minutes. We were not ordered to use violence, but we were obliged to resort to it, because the people would not go away when we spoke to them."

[A letter from Capt. Lygon was received by the Coroner, stating that the officers summoned were out of town, but the summonses had been sent to them, and they would attend speedily.]

William King, housepainter, of Great Wild-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, was close to Honey when he was shot. The people had ceased to throw stones at the time, when a young officer, quite wantonly (as witness thought) turned round on horseback, and took aim over his bridle-arm, for about a second. Witness did not know whether the pistol was meant for him or for the deceased; but he stepped aside, and deceased fell. The officer wore no cloak or mantle. Witness came to Cumberland-street after the dispersion, and there saw the same officer "conversing with the trumpeter and a private of the Life Guards, who was next to him to the inside, with great familiarity, and occasionally laughing."

The Coroner.—Did you hear what they said?

Witness.—No, I did not.

The Coroner.—There is no harm in an officer's laughing with his men that I know of.

The Foreman.—Certainly not, if it be after he has shot a man! Of course, there cannot be any harm!

Mr. Joseph Wilfred Parkins stated, that when the first stoppage took place at Kensington, he rode off as hard as he could, by desire of Mr. Bennet and Mr. Hobhouse, to inform Lord Liverpool of the impossibility of forcing a passage against the people, and to warn him, that the Government must answer for the bloodshed that would ensue from any such attempt. This message he sent to Lord Liverpool from Whitehall. He then rode back, and joined the procession in the Park. Mr. Parkins here gave a vivid description of the dreadful scene of screaming and confusion that ensued, which he viewed from Cumberland-street. Among other things, he saw a person in coloured clothes ride up on a charger at full speed, accompanied by two or three troopers. This person rode up to the hearse and knocked a man down, whom witness thought an undertaker's man. At this time witness first saw stones thrown. Witness believed the person in coloured clothes to be Colonel Cavendish. [Mr. Henson here said, that Colonel Cavendish was not away from the barracks all day.] While the firing was going on, a soldier, in reloading his piece, let fall his cartridge, which was picked up and given to witness. It was a ball cartridge. [Here witness produced it.]

Thomas Whealdon, journeyman coach-carver, of Hertford-street, May-fair, saw the beginning of the affray at Cumberland-gate. The people had shut the gates. "The soldiers finding they could not open them, cut at the people with their swords or sabres, I can't say which. I saw one man cut over the hat. Directly as the soldiers cut with their swords, they were assailed with brickbats from all quarters."—Adjourned to Friday.

Ninth Day—Friday.

It was intimated that Capt. Oakes and two officers were in attendance; but that Lieut. Gore had not had time to arrive in town. Mr. Henson, however, undertook that the Lieut. should be present at the next meeting. This excited a great deal of warm conversation between the Jury, the Coroner, and Mr. Adolphus, in the course of which the presence of the latter was again objected to. Lieut. Gore arrived while the evidence was proceeded in.

Captain Oakes, who commanded the main detachment of Life Guards out on the 14th August, was examined; and the Jury aimed chiefly to extract from him by whose orders the procession was turned into the Park, contrary to the wishes of Sir R. Baker. The Captain said he was first ordered out to assist the civil power, and he considered himself under the orders of Sir. R. Baker. He received another order, however, as to the route of the procession, but for a long time resisted saying from whom it came, or what it was.—"Did Sir R. Baker ever tell you that it was his intention to proceed through the city?"—"He did; but my orders being to assist the civil power in going through the Park and on to the New-road, I begged Sir. R. Baker would suspend his intention till I consulted higher authority, which he did."

Witness proceeded to describe the attack made by the people on the military, which was more terrible, he said, than he could give the Jury any idea of. Stones were thrown all the way from Grosvenor-gate, and he entered Oxford-street under a shower of stones. He at first failed to open the Park-gates, but afterwards used *greater force*, and opened them. He declined to state whether he gave any orders to fire; but he could assert, that the firing originated with his own, and not with Lieutenant Gore's detachment.

Lieutenant Gore was now called in. [The *Times* describes him as "a handsome young man, apparently rather under than above the age of 20, and of an appearance remarkably interesting and prepossessing. Throughout the whole of his examination he seemed to be perfectly collected, and gave his answers with facility and readiness. He is understood to have made his journey from Paris with astonishing rapidity.]—He knew nothing of the death of Richard Honey. On the 14th of August he was stationed at Cumberland-gate, with twelve men and a trumpeter. He looked under his shavraque, and observed that there was neither cloak nor pistols. He was entitled to wear pistols; but, to the best of his belief, he had not worn them before. *He borrowed no pistols on the fourteenth of August.* He could not tell who commanded the soldiers to fire: there was much confusion, and his men were so mixed, he could not tell one from the other. Witness was in Cumberland-street in the course of riding about, but none of his men were there. Some time after the affray, people came up, insulting the soldiers, and pointing at himself, (witness) saying, "That is he who shot the man."

In the course of his examination, a smile was observed on the face of Lieutenant Gore, and at the same time the Coroner and

Mr. Adolphus were smiling. A Juror sharply rated the officer for indecent "levity;" in consequence of which, when he had signed his deposition, he appealed to the Jury whether they had observed any thing wrong in his behaviour. "If they have," he continued, "I shall be most ready to make an apology; but if not, I must say, that the observation of the Juror was a most wanton and uncalled for attack, and most unmanly, as it affected the character of a young officer." [Applause on the part of some auditors followed. Several of the Jury observed, the conduct of Lieutenant Gore had been most correct and gentlemanly.]

It was intimated, before the Lieutenant retired, that several persons were in attendance, who could identify him as the man who had shot Honey. Lieut. Gore professed his extreme willingness to be inspected; but Mr. Adolphus obstinately objected, saying, it would establish a precedent to "the ruin of innocent persons!" It was not persisted in; but after the Lieutenant had gone, three former witnesses, who had seen him passing to and fro, or through the window, were successively examined.

William King was quite positive that the gentleman he had seen in the Inquest-room (pointing to where Lieut. Gore had sat) was the person who shot Honey.

Samuel Green was equally confident.

William Spratt was almost positive. On the inspection day at the barracks, he had hesitated between this officer and another, on whose face colour had been put, for the purpose, as witness thought, of confounding them.

A Juror complained that he had heard Mr. Adolphus say to Mr. Henson, that he would transport two of the witnesses: this could only answer the purposes of intimidation.

Mr. ADOLPHUS observed, that if the Juror had overheard him, he ought not to have repeated it. It was unpardonable.

Juror.—Would you have me put the cork of my ink bottle in my ear? Or do you suppose that when I hear it, I am afraid to repeat it?

The CORONER.—It is most exceedingly improper of the Juror to have repeated what he overheard.

Foreman.—Mr. Adolphus may be assured of one thing;—that he may come here with all his legal insinuations, but the Jury will not be brow-beaten, at any rate, by Mr. Adolphus. [This remark occasioned a beating of sticks and clapping of hands.]

Juror.—The fact is, that Mr. Adolphus has interfered in a very extraordinary way; and if this sort of interference is to be attempted, and this kind of intimidation is to be held out, he shall not sit here.—Adjourned to Monday.

LAW.

ASSIZES.

CORNWALL.—SYMONS v. PARKER.

This was a very extraordinary case of property successfully claimed after a lapse of years. In 1763, Mr. Symons, of Hatt-court, near Callington, made his will, leaving his estates to his eldest son William, with remainder to his second son Nicholas. The testator died in 1766, when his son William succeeded him. Nicholas was articled to Mr. Charles Rashleigh, a respectable attorney at St. Austle. He became attached to a young woman of St. Austle, of no very good fame, and intended to marry her; but this being violently opposed by his family, as well as by Mr. Rashleigh, he was induced to promise not to commit himself. In 1782, Nicholas Symons went to London to be admitted an Attorney of the King's Bench; but his passion for the young woman so preyed on his mind, that soon after Mr. Rashleigh received a letter from him, written apparently in a state of despair and distraction, in which he stated, that he could not form an honourable connexion which his friends had pointed out, on account of his affection for another; and that he should leave London, to go "he knew not where." After that he was heard of no more by his family. In 1783, a stranger appeared at Liverpool, calling himself Nathaniel Sherwood, who set up the first stage in that city. He had prospered greatly, when, in 1802, he was drowned in a ferry-boat. He had married a servant of the inn where his diligence put up, and had several children. In 1817, a chest of Sherwood's was examined, and in it were found the admission of Nicholas Symons as an attorney, and other papers which led to inquiry and identification. A number of witnesses were now called, who proved the person and habits of Nicholas Symons and Nathaniel Sherwood to be the same; and the identity of the hand-writing was conclusively established. The defendant had been in possession of the property ever since the month of May, 1802, when William Symons died.

The Jury, after examining the writings, found for the plaintiff. The property recovered is worth 1200 pounds a-year.

Croydon, Aug. 28.

MURDER.

David Thomas was indicted for the murder of John Matthews. It appeared, by the testimony of numerous witnesses, that the prisoner and the deceased, who were fellow-workmen in the mustard-manufactory of Mr. Rutter, at Lambeth, were talking together on the 20th July, but what they said could not be heard on account of the noise of the mill, close to which they were standing. In two or three minutes however there was a cry of "murder!" and the other workmen rushing to the spot, found the deceased stabbed in the belly so dreadfully that his entrails protruded. The prisoner was close by, and a knife was sticking out of his hand. He was dreadfully agitated, but never offered to leave the place, though not immediately secured. The deceased, on his death-bed, said he had had no words with the prisoner, and did not know that the prisoner had the least animosity against him whatever, except it was for drinking the King's health in the morning, when the prisoner appeared in a great passion, and frothed at the mouth and swore. This dying declaration was the only clue to the motive of the deed. Several witnesses gave the prisoner the best character for humanity and a kind heart. The Jury deliberated about ten minutes, and found the prisoner *Guilty*, but recommended him to mercy on account of his good character.

Mr. Justice BURROUGH said, this was one of those cases in which it was impossible that such a recommendation could avail the prisoner.

Prisoner.—My Lord, I am innocent of the crime, between God and man. I know no more about it than an unborn infant. The man's wife has spoken false about drinking healths.

Mr. Justice BURROUGH passed sentence.

The prisoner, in a paroxysm of grief, exclaimed, "I am innocent! innocent!" and was removed from the bar. He was a well-looking young man (a Welshman), and was considerably affected during his trial.

[Thomas was executed on Thursday morning at Horsemonger-lane prison. His previous behaviour was composed, though very dejected. On ascending the scaffold he was dreadfully agitated. It appeared as if terror had anticipated the executioner. With considerable difficulty he reached the top of the prison. He joined for a short period in prayer: at length he expressed a wish to give the signal, and said, very faintly, "I am ready." The drop fell, and he died instantly. After hanging the usual time, his body was cut down, and taken to Guy's Hospital for dissection.—A few days subsequent to the commission of the offence, he had made an effort to deprive himself of life, by inflicting several dangerous wounds upon himself while in prison. He was aged 28, and a native of Carmarthen.]

Lewes, August 22.

RAPE.

John Hale, aged 18, a fine young man, was charged on the oath of Lucy Parsons, with a rape. The prosecutrix, who did not appear to possess any personal attractions, and who was verging towards forty, stated herself to be a married woman, who had been deserted by her husband seven years, and was now housekeeper to a day-labouring man, a widower. On the 16th of June, in the afternoon, on crossing a field from Southover, she observed the prisoner on a stile. He got up, and let her get over. He said it was a fine day, and he should like to kiss her. She answered, "No, I had rather not." He then immediately threw her down. After some entreaties on her part, he let her get up. But shortly afterwards he again threw her down in a hedge among some brambles. She made all the resistance she could, but the prisoner committed the crime. She had scarcely been released by the prisoner, when she met a Mr. Hillman, and she instantly communicated to him the injury she had received, when the prisoner ran away.

Mr. ANDREWS cross-examined the prosecutrix.—She did not know Master Hillman before she was *ruined*. Her master had two beds. She did not sleep with him.

The JUDGE.—You have no right to answer that question; such questions shall not be put to a witness; I will not suffer a witness to disgrace herself. If persons put up into that box are to be *hunted* and terrified as to the whole history of their lives, who would become a witness?

Mr. ANDREWS.—I will put the questions in another way. The prisoner's life is at stake; and with deference to your Lordship, I shall be able to make her contradict herself. Mr. Andrews then continued his cross-examination. The prosecutrix did know a Mr. Trigger. She had never said he was a nice man.

The JUDGE.—And if she had, what was that to do with the present case?

Mr. ANDREWS.—I humbly hope that I have a right to put such questions as may tend to show that the prosecutrix is not entitled to belief?

The JUDGE.—Yes, as many as you like, connected with the

present transaction, but none else. Suppose she did sleep with Mr. Trigger; that has nothing to do with the prisoner at the bar; she had no right to be ill treated on that account.

Mr. ANDREWS.—My Lord, it is the first time I was ever checked in this manner.

There was very strong proof from other witnesses of the resistance of the prosecutrix and the commission of the crime.

For the prisoner, *Mary Simmonds* was called to prove that the prosecutor did meet Trigger at Tarring; and also that she had said, if it had not been for Hillman she would not have prosecuted the prisoner; and, that if he was hanged, she would never be happy again.

The JUDGE.—"This has nothing to do with the case. I do not like these attempts to raise prejudices against witnesses. It was very likely the prosecutrix might say that she would be unhappy if the prisoner was hanged; but it showed humanity on her part, and tended more to raise than to depreciate her character."

Baron Wood observed, that it was the opinion of a very learned Judge, that the charge of a rape was easily made, but most difficult to be repelled. The evidence required upon such occasions was, that resistance had been made; that the female had called for assistance; and that she had made a discovery of the injury she sustained to the first person she met. He however, must inform the Jury, that he did not like the mode of hunting and terrifying witnesses when put into the box, and the whole history of their lives raked up, as a set off against their evidence; for who amongst us at one time or other had not committed one foible?

The Jury were in consultation about a quarter of an hour. Verdict—*Guilty*. [The wife of Hale, who is an interesting, pretty-looking young woman, and had only lain in ten days, was in the Hall; and upon hearing sentence of death passed upon her husband, she fell down in a fit, and was carried out of Court by five men. So violently was this poor woman convulsed with grief, that it was with great difficulty she was restored to her senses; and upon her recovering, she was immediately seized with another violent fit, and continued in this dreadful state for hours. His mother was affected in a similar way. This, together with the tears of his sister, produced a scene to the surrounding spectators of the most heart-rending description.]

INSOLVENCY COURT.

The discharge of Mr. Mudie, the Proprietor of the Series of National Medals so often noticed in this and other publications, was opposed by a paltry fellow, a nurseryman, to whom was owing 12 or 15 pounds for work done in Mr. Mudie's garden. This was the only opposition; which the Court of course treated with the contempt it merited, and with much apparent satisfaction ordered Mr. Mudie to be discharged. It appeared from the proceedings in Court, that Mr. Mudie's Work, in which he has expended full ten thousand pounds, has failed, like all other works of art on a large scale in this country, to remunerate the projector; and this it was that had brought him into his present difficulties. So far from deserving the slightest opposition to his discharge, Mr. Mudie had done every thing in his power, by placing all his property in most honourable hands, for the benefit of his creditors, to do them every justice. And a letter was read in Court from one of his principal creditors, Mr. Fonteroy, the banker, in Berners-street, in which that liberal gentleman praised Mr. Mudie for his unwearied exertions, regretted his failure, and expressed his determination to do him every service in his power.

Some of the papers have stated, that Mr. Mudie had lodged several valuable busts in the hands of his bankers, as security for money advanced. This is an error. One bust of Napoleon, in marble, by Canova, which the late President valued at 500 guineas, was kindly allowed to remain at the bankers, for the purpose of being seen by such wealthy persons as could alone purchase such a work of art.

[Any recommendation of ours would of course be wholly unavailing: but Ministers may see something in the following notice of one of their own most determined supporters, to dispose them to reward in some way or other a man, whom their own agents describe as possessing strong claims on their notice:—

*** "The Series of NATIONAL MEDALS, referred to in the above Report, is so honourable to the country, in recording the events of the glorious war, which, stimulated by the perseverance, and under the auspices, of Great Britain, effected the deliverance and established the independence of Europe, representing also the British Heroes who were engaged in the memorable achievements, that such a National Celebration strongly demanded the protection of Government. It may therefore be a subject of even public regret, that the enterprising Proprietor should fall a victim to his patriotic zeal. We may really on this occasion say with Sterne, that "they order these things better in France."—*Sun, Aug.* 28.]

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

TO-MORROW, SEPT. 3, will be performed, A CHEQUE on my BANKER; with the CORONATION, and GIOVANNI in LONDON.
On TUESDAY, A CHEQUE on my BANKER (18th time.)
On WEDNESDAY, A CHEQUE on my BANKER, (19th time.)
On THURSDAY, A New Melo-Dramatic Piece in Three Acts.
The Comedy of the Liar being repeatedly enquired for, in consequence of its recent great success, will be performed on Friday next, the 7th instant.
Overflowing and delighted Audiences nightly recognise and acknowledge "the Coronation" as the most correct and splendid Exhibition ever produced on the British Stage; it will be repeated every evening until further notice.

THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE, STRAND.

TO-MORROW, SEPT. 3, will be presented (10th time), The WITCH of DERNCLEUGH; with (4th time) A CURE for COXCOMBS; and (17th time) TWO WIVES.
On TUESDAY, in consequence of the great overflow, and uniform gratification expressed by the elegant and crowded Audience of Friday last, the Performances of the evening will be repeated—namely: (26th time) LOVE'S DREAM; with (5th time) A CURE for COXCOMBS, and (11th time) The MILLER'S MAID.
On WEDNESDAY, (6th time) A CURE for COXCOMBS, with (18th time) TWO PENCE, after (which 17th time) TWO WIVES, and (51st time) the VAMPIRE.

Just published, price 1s.

A FUNERAL SERMON for CAROLINE, QUEEN of ENGLAND, delivered at Parliament Court Chapel, on Sunday, August 13, 1821. By W. J. FOX.
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ILLUSTRATIONS OF TAMING OF THE SHREW, being the Second Number of ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE, from Pictures painted expressly for this Work by ROBERT SMIRKE, Esq. R.A. Engraved in the finest style by the most eminent Historical Engravers. The Play illustrated is published at the same time.
No. III. MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR, will appear in November.
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MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday last, Mr. H. I. Robins, of Covent-garden, to Miss Howis, of South Lambeth.

On Tuesday last, at St. Clement's Church, Strand, Henry Irving, Esq. of Essex-street, to Miss Cruso, of Norwich, daughter of the late Francis Cruso, Esq. of Lynn, Norfolk.

On the 17th ult, James Major, Esq. of Foyle View, Londonderry, barrister-at-law, to Catherine, eldest daughter of William Miller, Esq., and niece to John Wilson Croker, Esq.

At Mary-la-bonne Church, George Pennell, Esq., brother-in-law of John Wilson Croker, Esq., to Sophia, second daughter of Major-General Campbell.

Tuesday last, at Mary-la-bonne New Church, Capt. Magenis, eldest son of Richard Magenis, Esq. M.P. of Grosvenor-place, to Miss Ann Maria Shepherd, of Wimpole-street, eldest daughter of the late William Shepherd, Esq.

On the 23d inst. Richard Cranch, Esq. of Union-court, Broad-street, to Mary Maria Payne, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Joshua Payne, of Whitechapel.

On the 27th ult. at Conway, North Wales, Sir David Erskine, of Cambo, Fifeshire, Bart., grandson of the Earl of Kellie, to Jane Silence, only daughter of the late Hugh Williams, Esq. of Conway.

DEATHS.

On Tuesday last, in Portland place, Anne, wife of Sir James Graham, Bart. M.P. for the City of Carlisle.

On Tuesday last, at his house in Harley-street, Simeon Dow, Esq.

On the 24th ult. in South Audley-street, Miss Selina Thistlethwayte, daughter of the Rev. Alexander Thistlethwayte.

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